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ORIGINAL POEMS

A N D

IMITATIONS.

B Y

A. WILLIAMS.

---



L O N D O N :

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ORIGINAL FORMS



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
FRANCIS, BARON LE DESPENCER,

AND THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
H. F. THYNNE,  
His MAJESTY'S Post-MASTER General.

THE FOLLOWING  
P O E M S,  
ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR  
MOST DUTIFUL  
AND  
OBEDIENT SERVANT,

A. WILLIAMS,

Post-Mistress of Gravesend.





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O R I G I N A L

# ORIGINAL POEMS

A N D

## IMITATIONS.

AN IMITATION OF PART OF VIRGIL'S IV. GEORGICK.

**W**RETCH, dost presume to ask an angry God,  
Why thou art scourged with affliction's rod?  
'Tis for no common crimes the gods aggrieve  
Thy harrafs'd soul, if thou wilt me believe;  
The wreaking vengeance they pour down on you,  
Believe me, miscreant, to thy crimes is due.  
'Twas wretched Orpheus su'd, nor su'd in vain:  
At his request these plagues on thee remain.  
Not that thy suff'rings e'er have equal been  
To thy unheard-of crimes, as well I ween.  
To Jove his pray'r he ardently apply'd,  
To punish thee for his beloved bride,  
Who flying from thy villainous embrace,  
As thro' the meads her frighted footsteps trace;  
Fearful of thee ne'er saw the serpent glide,  
Nor sooner had she felt the wound than dy'd:  
[ Instead of being by the dryades led  
In triumph to her faithful lover's bed,

B

Not



Not all the pow'rs on earth combin'd, cou'd save  
 The maiden wife, or shield her from the grave.]  
 With piteous cries her maidens rend the air,  
 Bruise their soft limbs, and tear their flowing hair;  
 Vain are their cries, and every effort's vain,  
 They never can Eurydice regain.  
 The hills and dales reecho to their cries,  
 To their complaints soft Rhodope replies:  
 Thrace, Gebus, Hebrus' streams forget to flow,  
 And stop me wand'ring as in sign of woe;  
 Orpheus new strings his lyre in plaintive strain,  
 To sooth his soul and seek the fair again,  
 His lovely bride he mourns from rising morn,  
 Till Phebus with his beams the west adorn;  
 By love impell'd he seeks the gates of hell,  
 Nor dreadful Cerberus cou'd him repel;  
 Dauntless explores the grove where horrors reign,  
 And souls are doom'd to everlasting pain;  
 Urg'd by despair his eager footsteps tread,  
 Boldly he seeks the tyrant of the dead,  
 Whose slightest look can freeze the human soul;  
 Yet nothing cou'd his arduous search controul;  
 An air he plays, the spectres throng around,  
 And stand amaz'd at the bewitching sound;  
 Myriads of flighted lovers thither haste,  
 And sigh and groan, at the remembrance past  
 Of their ill-fated loves.——

Woes similar doth pity ever move,  
 They sympathiz'd, 'cause they before did love;

Each

Each ghastly eye is roll'd, each heaves the meagre  
breast,

In all their gestures pity stood confess'd :  
Their bleeding hearts were open bar'd to view,  
Not even death can fatal love subdue ;  
For ever doom'd to sorrow and complain,  
And ever wear love's adamant chain.

[ Say, tyrant love, what fascinating skill  
Obliges us to love against our will ?

Say, by what charms dost thou in fetters bind,  
And captivate the most exalted mind ?

For fools can ne'er thy pleasing fetters wear,  
Strangers alike to love or to despair.]

Quick round the bard advance, of ev'ry side  
Wives, husbands, widows, fathers, maid and bride,  
In swarms like bees as round their hives they play,  
When they their cells forsake in genial May.

The shade of infants which but just drew breath,  
And heroes too who gloriously fought death ;  
With sons whose mothers clos'd their dying eyes,  
All flock around the bard with sweet surprize :

Alas ! in everlasting prison bound,  
By black Cocitus, which doth them surround,  
And deadly Styx in nine large channels spread,  
Tremendous thought, confine the e'er lost dead.

All hell was ravish'd by his melody,  
And death himself forsook his state, to see  
By what enchanting pow'r the ghosts were charm'd,  
And Lucifer himself of rage disarm'd.



The horrid tyrant for awhile forbore  
To plague mankind, and list'ned to his lore.  
Alecto's snakes the forceress wreath'd around,  
And seem'd to listen to the pleasing sound;  
Ev'n she herself forgot awhile to rage,  
His pow'rful music did her so engage.  
Th'infectious streams of deadly Styx stood still,  
And Cerberus to howl had neither pow'r or will;  
Ixion's wheel was stop'd; the furies ceas'd to teize;  
And Pluto's self, his magic numbers please,  
At length relents, restores the lovely maid,  
Such pow'r has words enforc'd by music's aid.  
Pleas'd that he had the pow'r of hell o'ercome,  
He hastes to lead his bride in triumph home;  
Quick for the realms of light he doth prepare,  
While joyful follows him the beauteous fair;  
On this condition only must he pass,  
The fatal gulph and gates of hell: alas!  
That if one look on her he cast behind,  
She must again to Pluto be consign'd.  
Alas, what laws can lover's eyes subdue,  
He stops to gaze, and does himself undo:  
Beholds the fair transfix'd to the place,  
Nor can she yield again to his embrace.  
Now all is lost, his labour proves in vain,  
Ev'n fate itself the fair cannot regain;  
Averne shook, thrice fiery Styx resounds,  
And hell's astonish'd at the dreadful sounds:  
Pluto's grim messenger the fair one seiz'd,  
Nor will a second time by music be appeas'd:

She

## ORIGINAL POEMS.

She faints, she falls, her eyes now roll in death,  
 Thus to her lord she spoke in fault'ring breath :  
 Ill-fated youth ! alas ! thy eager love  
 A second time doth me from life remove ;  
 I feel the grisly monster's pointed dart  
 Again assail my ever faithful heart.  
 Lo here, a second time I yield my breath,  
 And once again a victim fall to death :  
 Again I'm summon'd to the fatal shore,  
 Adieu, my love, I ne'er shall see thee more.  
 Scarce had she spoke, when from his eager sight  
 His dear Eurydice was ravish'd quite.  
 Frantic he grew with horror and despair,  
 The fleeting shade pursues, but grasps the empty air.  
 Charon he sues, his suit is all in vain,  
 He once had pass'd, and must not pass again ;  
 What then remains, his every joy is lost,  
 His love's no more, and all his wishes cross'd.  
 The pow'r of music now again he tries,  
 In vain the ferryman his suit denies ;  
 Breathless and cold in Charon's boat she grows,  
 Insensible of all her lover's woes.  
 The shades of death the fair once more explores,  
 And melancholy hails the Stygian shores ;  
 Nine tedious months the faithful Orpheus roves,  
 O'er craggy rocks, thro' unfrequented groves ;  
 The baleful streams of Strymon's pois'nous flood  
 He does frequent, and o'er his sorrows brood :  
 His lost Eurydice does all his thoughts employ,  
 Estrang'd his heart to happiness and joy ;

And



And while he sings of his ill-fated love,  
Ev'n things inanimate his numbers move.  
The stately oak removes from forth its place,  
And stones doth with his melody keep pace :  
Fierce tygers lamb-like dance the bard around,  
And tame as them become by music's sound ;  
In such melodious notes his numbers float,  
As issues from the nightingale's soft throat ;  
When some hard-hearted boy her nest hath torn,  
And from her sight her callow brood hath borne ;  
On some sharp-pointed thorn she'll sit and sing,  
And with her plaintive notes the woods and vallies  
ring.

The loveliest fair cou'd no impression make,  
Nor wou'd he e'er a second mistress take :  
In vain with wit, wealth, beauty they assail'd,  
None ever o'er his constancy prevail'd.  
Thro' Scythian fields and dreary wilds he goes,  
And freezing Tanais to bewail his woes ;  
O'er icy plains with hail all cover'd o'er,  
Lamenting her he must behold no more :  
In vain for lost Eurydice complains,  
Nor feels the force of beauty's pleasing chains.  
The Thracians slighted thus with rancor burns,  
Love and revenge their empires take by turns.  
As wine still raises ev'ry passion high'r,  
To be contemn'd sets vulgar minds on fire ;  
By baleful wine inspir'd, they slew the wretched bard,  
Tear his soft limbs, nor his complaints regard.

His

His mangled parts the plain they scatter'd o'er,  
 Then like infernals sip the reeking gore.  
 His tuneful head they into Hebrus flung,  
 His dear Eurydice his dying accents sung.  
 His soul, as mounting to its native skies,  
 Fault'ring and faint, Eurydice it cries ;  
 Eurydice, Eurydice, the purling streams resound,  
 While echo caught her much lov'd name around.

☞ The lines inclosed thus [ ] in this, or any of the following essays, are added.

## WINDMILL-HILL.

**D**YER has sung in sweet mellifluous strains  
 Of Grongar's-Hill and its delightful plains,  
 Its ruin'd castle, and its waving woods,  
 Its pleasing meads, and Tovey's winding floods.  
 But why, ah ! why is Windmill-Hill unsung,  
 Why to its beauties is the lyre ne'er strung ?  
 Hail, lovely spot ! delightful landscape, hail !  
 To please each eye thy prospect never fail :  
 With transport we thy diff'rent views explore,  
 And trace each rural scene from shore to shore.  
 Thy prospect's rich, which court th' enamour'd eye,  
 Are bounded only by the ambient sky ;  
 Hills, dales, and woods, with richest tints do glow,  
 And flocks and herds enrich the meads below :  
 In splendid robes, great Ceres here behold,  
 Clad in a mantle as superb as gold ;

While



While interspers'd around her e'er are seen  
Enamel'd fields with verdure ever green:  
From this side of the prospect turn your sight,  
Fair Essex' coast doth now invite your sight;  
Behold the plenty of its verdant fields,  
Swelling with grain, a vast profusion yields:  
Behold old Thames majestically flow,  
Gliding along his fertile waters flow;  
See on his waves our ships with riches fraught,  
Which from all quarters of the globe are brought;  
From distant climes, and o'er unbounded seas,  
Whate'er for use or luxury can please.  
These are the blessings of Britannia's isle,  
On which great Neptune does propitious smile.  
Thy Mill, well known to every jolly tar,  
With heart elate he spies it from afar;  
And soon as e'er it meets his longing sight,  
He hails his native shore with great delight;  
Forgets the toils and tempests he has past,  
And thinks them well repaid to see the Mill at last.  
He tosses now about the jovial can  
Of flip, and drinks to Molly, Bess, and Nan:  
Content and pleasure in his face appear,  
After long absence from his country dear:  
With joy he hastes his fav'rite lass to meet,  
And lays himself and treasures at her feet:  
With her forgets the dangers of the main,  
And till he goes ne'er thinks of them again.  
If this my feeble effort shou'd arouse  
Some abler pen thy beauties to espouse;

With

With joy I shall the pleasing portrait view,  
But now I bid sweet Windmill-Hill adieu.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE  
OF YORK, WRITTEN EXTEMPORE WHILE THE MI-  
NUTE GUNS WERE FIRING AS THE ROYAL CORPS  
PAST GRAVESEND.

**W**HAT awful sounds are these invade my ears?  
Alas, my heart! too true are all thy fears;  
'Tis royal York: alas! he's York no more,  
In dust he lies whom Britons did adore.  
Behold the last remains of royalty,  
How small the compass where he now doth lie?  
Who can behold the fatal sight unmov'd,  
That e'er his king or his dear country lov'd?  
While he had life, his influence did extend,  
And his fame reach'd the world's extremest end.  
Now fame and grandeur both he hath resign'd,  
And in this narrow spot lies royalty enshrin'd.  
With reverential awe, ye great, attend,  
And mark with horror York's untimely end;  
Who when alive to kingdoms cou'd give law,  
Yet cannot strike the meanest now with awe.  
Ill-fated prince! cut off in blooming youth,  
Adorn'd with honour, loyalty and truth.  
Griev'd I'm indeed this fatal day to see—  
Illustrious shade, my heart weeps blood for thee.



Not all his native merit cou'd him save  
From cruel death or horrors of the grave,  
The prince whom ev'ry honest Briton lov'd,  
And was by all the good and just approv'd ;  
But envious fate commanded him away,  
Nor wou'd permit him longer here to stay.  
Oh! fair Britannia, thou hast cause to weep,  
That in the silent tomb he now doth sleep ;  
Who watchful of thy int'rest, did attend  
To curb thy foes, and cherish ev'ry friend :  
Thy guardian angel, he was ever nigh  
To sooth thy cares, and dry thy weeping eye.  
Still, still in pity on thee he'll look down,  
Tho' now he wears an everlasting crown ;  
And with his Maker shares immortal joy,  
And never-ending bliss without alloy.  
Farewell, blest shade, methinks I see thee soar  
On angels wings, unto thy native shore :  
The heavenly choirs their hallelujahs sing,  
With joy they make the vast empyrean ring,  
To welcome thee unto their blest abodes,  
There to enrol thee with thy kindred gods.

My royal master dry thy weeping eyes,  
Behold him now enthroned in the skies ;  
Long mayst thou live in peace and joy alone,  
And in thy people's hearts erect thy throne.  
Tho' thousands to thee bow the humble knee,  
There's none of them can love thee more than me:  
Tho' I am humble and of low estate,  
Not all thy courtiers, be they e'er so great,

Can

Can e'er more duteous be, or loyal prove,  
 Or honor thee with greater filial love.  
 If all thy subjects honor'd thee like me,  
 Not one unhappy day thou e'er should'st see;  
 But smiling happiness shou'd still attend  
 Thy steps, and ev'ry soul shou'd be thy friend.  
 Oh! gracious Heav'n, hear my fervent pray'r,  
 Still make my sov'reign thy peculiar care:  
 May blessings still on blessings guard his crown,  
 And all the world be fill'd with his renown.

## IMITATION OF HORACE, ODE VII. BOOK IV.

**S**TERN winter's fled with all his dreary train,  
 And welcome spring returns to us again;  
 Her genial warmth the swelling buds expand,  
 And verdant grass and flow'rets deck the land:  
 The sterile earth, which scorn'd the pointed plow,  
 Yields to its touch, and is new modell'd now:  
 The silver streams by icy shackles bound,  
 Now liquify and gently murmur round:  
 In sportive mood the wanton fishes play,  
 And seek the surface now in search of prey;  
 With eager haste they catch th' incautious flies,  
 Which can't escape their microscopic eyes:  
 The sprightly nymphs and jolly swains advance,  
 And o'er the meadows form the mazy dance:



The months, at time's command flies swift away,  
The seasons follow them without delay ;  
The hours, as imperceptibly they fly,  
Consumes the day, and teaches us to die.  
[ Unthinking mortals seize the present hour,  
You know not if the next is in your pow'r ;  
For who, alas, can hold one moment fast,  
Or who recall the time that's gone and past !  
Then let us make the most of time while here—  
Be just, and then we nothing have to fear :  
Whether this hour we yield to heav'n our breath,  
Or some years hence are summoned by death. ]  
With us the days and hours keep equal pace,  
And quick as them we run our mortal race :  
The years roll round on time's immortal wing,  
And summer's usher'd in by blooming spring.  
Then fruitful autumn with her lovely mien,  
Summer succeeds, in pompous mantle seen :  
Rich pines and peaches tempt the longing eye,  
And cluster'd grapes invites the standers by :  
With golden grain fair Ceres decks the fields :  
These are the blessings which mild autumn yields.  
But lo, stern winter hobbles on apace,  
And spitefully doth nature's nerves unbrace :  
The grapes fall off, the vintage all is spoil'd,  
And of his labor the poor hind's beguil'd.  
The moon renews her light her race to run,  
But who can give us light when life is spun ?  
No sun nor moon can yield us any light,  
But we're absorb'd in everlasting night.

With

With Tullus and with Ancus must we join,  
And all the blandishments of life resign;  
We must in shade the souls of heroes meet,  
And mingle with the plebeian and the great.  
[ For death makes no distinction; one and all,  
Alike the hero and the coward fall;  
For tho' of wealth and titles here we vaunt,  
When death appears no favors will he grant. ]  
Who knows but fate decrees, my dearest friend,  
But that our lives may the next moment end;  
The sweets of life, do thou, my friend, enjoy,  
Nor let vain care thy peace of mind destroy;  
Enjoy thy time, nor make thyself a slave  
For those who with thee in the dreary grave:  
The judgment seat thou must approach, alas!  
And hear thy judge the fatal sentence pass:  
Then 'tis not titles, eloquence, or wealth,  
Can thee restore again to life and health;  
Ev'n beauty's charms no pow'r can restore,  
When once 'tis past the fatal Stygian shore.  
Diana, tho' immortal, can't regain  
Her dear Hippolitus, her efforts all are vain;  
[ In vain may she her lover's loss deplore,  
His doom is fix'd, she ne'er must see him more. ]  
Periothus is bound in fetters fast,  
And Theseus' invulnerable chain will ever last.



The months, at time's command flies swift away,  
The seasons follow them without delay ;  
The hours, as imperceptibly they fly,  
Consumes the day, and teaches us to die.  
[ Unthinking mortals seize the present hour,  
You know not if the next is in your pow'r ;  
For who, alas, can hold one moment fast,  
Or who recall the time that's gone and past !  
Then let us make the most of time while here—  
Be just, and then we nothing have to fear :  
Whether this hour we yield to heav'n our breath,  
Or some years hence are summoned by death. ]  
With us the days and hours keep equal pace,  
And quick as them we run our mortal race :  
The years roll round on time's immortal wing,  
And summer's usher'd in by blooming spring.  
Then fruitful autumn with her lovely mien,  
Summer succeeds, in pompous mantle seen :  
Rich pines and peaches tempt the longing eye,  
And cluster'd grapes invites the standers by :  
With golden grain fair Ceres decks the fields :  
These are the blessings which mild autumn yields.  
But lo, stern winter hobbles on apace,  
And spitefully doth nature's nerves unbrace :  
The grapes fall off, the vintage all is spoil'd,  
And of his labor the poor hind's beguil'd.  
The moon renews her light her race to run,  
But who can give us light when life is spun ?  
No sun nor moon can yield us any light,  
But we're absorb'd in everlasting night.

With

With Tullus and with Ancus must we join,  
And all the blandishments of life resign;  
We must in shade the souls of heroes meet,  
And mingle with the plebeian and the great.  
[ For death makes no distinction; one and all,  
Alike the hero and the coward fall;  
For tho' of wealth and titles here we vaunt,  
When death appears no favors will he grant. ]  
Who knows but fate decrees, my dearest friend,  
But that our lives may the next moment end;  
The sweets of life, do thou, my friend, enjoy,  
Nor let vain care thy peace of mind destroy;  
Enjoy thy time, nor make thyself a slave  
For those who wish thee in the dreary grave:  
The judgment seat thou must approach, alas!  
And hear thy judge the fatal sentence pass:  
Then 'tis not titles, eloquence, or wealth,  
Can thee restore again to life and health;  
Ev'n beauty's charms no pow'r can restore,  
When once 'tis past the fatal Stygian shore.  
Diana, tho' immortal, can't regain  
Her dear Hippolitus, her efforts all are vain;  
[ In vain may she her lover's loss deplore,  
His doom is fix'd, she ne'er must see him more. ]  
Periothus is bound in fetters fast,  
And Theseus' invulnerable chain will ever last.



ON D. GARRICK, ESQ. \*

**T**HE Samnian sage his wond'ring pupils told,  
 When he to them did nature's laws unfold,  
 That all things have a change, but nothing dies,  
 And that our souls to other bodies flies.  
 If then his arguments in this were right,  
 Sure Shakespear's soul to Garrick took its flight;  
 Where it shines forth with most resplendent rays,  
 And fills the world with pleasure and amaze.  
 Thou son of Shakespear, darling of each muse,  
 Whom hypercritics enviously abuse;  
 To crown thy brows with everlasting fame,  
 Poets unborn shall celebrate thy name:  
 Grateful posterity shall honor thee;  
 As Shakespear's name is now, so shall thine be.  
 When thou'rt no more, dread thought get free from  
 pain,  
 Thy matchless genius ever shall remain;  
 Thy name and his shall be by fame enroll'd  
 In characters of never-fading gold.  
 And whereas e'er the goddess deigns to fly,  
 That shall accompany and never die.  
 Shakespear's and thine shall still be handed down,  
 Immortal laurels shall thy labors crown:  
 For none, save him, e'er soar'd to such an height,  
 Or blended thus instruction with delight.

'Twas

'Twas his, with grief or joy, to touch the heart,  
 And thine alone his beauties to impart:  
 Give them due energy, and bring to view  
 The diff'rent passions which our souls subdue.  
 But language faints when she attempts thy praise,  
 Then stop, dull muse, nor wound it with thy lays.  
 For as thou standst unequal'd and alone,  
 No muse such worth can paint but Garrick's own;  
 A muse, whose strains harmonious and divine,  
 And shall prevail o'er envy, death and time.

Those marked thus \* have been published in Old Lloyd's Evening Post.

ODE TO THE FREEBORN SONS OF BRITAIN, WRITTEN  
 ON THE RUMOR OF A WAR IN THE YEAR MDCCLXX. \*

## I.

**F**RENCHMEN threaten an invasion,  
 Treat it with contempt and scorn,  
 Britons, seize the fair occasion,  
 With fresh wreaths your brows adorn:  
 Raise your bright standards, haste to meet the foe,  
 And vanquish them e'er they can strike the blow.

## II.

See! Britannia's genius wakes,  
 No longer now supinely laid,  
 Pleasure's blandishments forsakes,  
 To hasten to the mourner's aid:

Then



Then boldly follow where his genius flies,  
He'll lead you on to matchless victories.

## III.

For Britons ne'er were known to yield,  
But will bravely meet their fate,  
Still keep masters of the field,  
On glory's wings they'll soar elate :  
And by fresh conquests shall convince the world,  
That George still reigns where'er his thunder's hurl'd.

## IV.

Let George but give the royal word,  
No trueborn son shall stay behind,  
But with one heart and one accord,  
They'll boldly rush the foe to find :  
With blood of foes old ocean shall be dy'd,  
And none with Britain shall his waves divide.

## V.

Happy island thus surrounded  
By proud Neptune's briny waves,  
George's realms shall be unbounded,  
Wherefoe'er his waters lave :  
Empires unknown shall own his lenient sway,  
With pride shall homage, and with joy obey.

## VI.

Let the British lion loose,  
Soon he'll them with terror fill,  
Punish them for this abuse,  
And shew the world he's courage still :  
For free-born Britons ne'er can be subdu'd,  
While they are masters of the briny flood.

## VII.

## VII.

Quick, royal George, unloose his chain,  
 Shew the world, that thou alone  
 Wilt reign sole monarch of the main,  
 On necks of kings erect thy throne:  
 Teach them no king can e'er so happy be,  
 As him who governs people brave and free.

## IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE STORY OF DIDO IN VIRGIL.

**I**N lofty strains the prince of poets sung,  
 Eneas' false and Dido's cruel wrong;  
 Long as the globe its native form shall hold,  
 So long shall Dido's piteous tale be told.  
 She to our sex shou'd a memento prove,  
 And guard our hearts 'gainst what the men call love:  
 For oft beneath that wily flatt'ring name,  
 The fair one looses honor, virtue, fame;  
 Then like the imprudent princess left to mourn,  
 Abandon'd by the world, and quite forlorn.  
 By all contemn'd, 'tis death must end the strife,  
 When she can find no comfort in this life:  
 If honor's lost, the truly noble mind  
 No comfort in itself can ever find.  
 Ye lovely fair, this useful lesson learn,  
 'Twixt love and fallacy be sure discern;  
 And if you find the latter, trust no more,  
 Tho' you the dear deceivers shou'd adore:

D

Better



Better to let your hearts in silence break,  
Than ever virtue's flow'ry paths forsake.

ON THE DEATH OF A DEARLY BELOVED PARENT, WHO  
DIED THE III. OF MARCH MDCCLXVI. \*

**H**ARK! hark! my soul! I hear the fatal bell,  
That rings, my friends, my dearest father's  
knell.

What keeps thee in this filthy lump of clay,  
Why to the skies dost thou not wing thy way?  
And there accompany, in spite of death,  
Him thou ador'dst whilst here he drew his breath.  
Ah! see the awful sight, in sad procession flow:  
Behold where all my happiness doth go.  
Oh stay, dear shade, and take one last adieu;  
Oh hear what fain I wou'd disclose to you!  
Hard fate, to be deny'd a last farewell,  
O let me all my griefs to thee reveal;  
Into thy much lov'd arms, oh! let me come,  
And take me with thee to the silent tomb.  
Thou hear'st me not: the unembod' d clay  
Is deaf to all that I can do or say.  
His soul is mounted to his kindred sky,  
There to remain to all eternity:  
While wretched I in silent grief must mourn,  
For joy to me can ne'er again return.  
If grief wou'd kill, that lot had sure been mine,  
Nor shou'd I now my father's loss repine.

But

But my too cruel fate my life doth spare,  
To rend my heart with sorrow and despair.  
If that its true that kindred souls above  
Do still their friends and their relations love,  
Oh sacred shade, thy gentle influence shed,  
And pour down blessings on thy daughter's head;  
Be ever near to yield me some relief,  
Assist in trouble, and assuage my grief:  
While doom'd to struggle thro' this life of pain,  
Do thou my guardian angel still remain:  
Sustain my virtue, keep me spotless still;  
Teach me to bow to Heav'n's superior will.  
What crimes have I committed, gracious heav'n!  
That to my share this bitter cup was giv'n?  
Did my heart turn away from sad distress?  
Did I not to my little pow'r redress?  
And when not in my pow'r to heal its woes,  
My heart still felt most agonizing throws?  
What's life? a cobweb, which a fly can break,  
A snuff of candle, which the wind can take,  
And in a moment's time extinguish quite,  
And leave no trace that ever there was light.  
What do we live for but for grief and woe,  
And ev'ry kind of ill to feel and undergo?  
Hold, wretch, nor with thy Maker dare contend,  
Who orders all for some peculiar end;  
Perhaps it is to try thy virtue here,  
And for thy good, tho' it may seem severe:  
For every one that is of woman born,  
While in this world must have some cause to mourn.



Then with thy Maker's pleasure acquiesce,  
 Bow to his will, and him adore and blest.  
 My gracious God, I yield me to thy will,  
 Do thou direct, and guard, and guide me still :  
 Grant from thy laws that I may never swerve,  
 But while I live thee I may fear and serve.  
 Guard me, O Lord, while in life's mortal vale,  
 Nor let the wicked o'er me e'er prevail :  
 O teach me, Lord, to know and fear thy ways,  
 Let all my life to thee be one continued praise.

ON THE SAME, WRITTEN IN THE MAUSOLEUM AT IN-  
 GRESS, WHERE THE AUTHORESS WENT TO INDULGE  
 HER GRIEF.

**T**HIS day three months, death struck the fatal  
 blow,  
 That ever more must cause mine eyes to flow ;  
 The best of parents on that day I lost,  
 With all the happiness I e'er cou'd boast.  
 Oblations daily to his shrine I make  
 Of filial tears I shed for his dear sake.  
 Some months ago none happier was than me,  
 And now a greater wretch there scarce can be ;  
 Blest'd with his smiles my heart was quite serene,  
 Nor wou'd have chang'd my state to've been a queen.  
 Oh, sacred shade, if ought thou e'er canst know,  
 Of what thy wretched daughter feels below :

With

With pity o'er me constant vigils keep,  
And still protect me waking or asleep.  
How oft with rapture have my senses hung,  
And list'ned to thy dear instructive tongue ;  
That tongue, alas ! which now must charm no more,  
The loss of which I ever must deplore :  
But while I live thy dictates I'll obey,  
And practise thy instructions day by day ?  
What tho' no pompous monuments is thine,  
What tho' no marble figures grace thy shrine,  
Thy mausoleum's fixt within my heart,  
From which thy image never shall depart :  
Each day with tears will I bedeck thy urn,  
And while I live my parent will I mourn.  
If in futurity we meet again,  
I then shall be rewarded for my pain.  
Good heav'n hasten on th' auspicious day,  
That from this world removes me far away.  
Oh let me to my much-lov'd father fly,  
And share with him of immortality.

ON THE SAME, WRITTEN THE III. OF MARCH,  
MDCCLXXI. \*

**H**ENCE earthly thoughts, no longer with me stay,  
But let me mourn in tears this truly fatal day,  
That ravish'd my dear parent from my sight,  
In whom was center'd all my soul's delight.  
Cease, busy cares, and give me leave to mourn,  
With tears of sorrow o'er my father's urn.

Yes,



Yes, dearest saint, I shed unfeigned tears,  
Tho' thou hast been enshrined this five long years,  
Still as revolving years by time roll round,  
In tears this day thy daughter shall be found :  
Whole ages ne'er can wash that grief away,  
That lives within my heart from day to day.  
Yes, tho' thy dearest form is from me torn,  
Thy portrait ever in my heart is worn :  
When I am gay, methinks I see thee smile,  
As thou was wont, which does my cares beguile :  
If troubled, then thy soothing voice I hear,  
To ease my soul, and dry the heart-felt tear :  
But in my dreams there am I doubly blest'd,  
When thy dear image fully stands confess'd,  
And seems to tell thy daughter to beware,  
And shun each vice, and every wily snare,  
That may for me by villainy be laid,  
To hurt the peace of a defenceless maid.  
Thy living precepts ne'er shall be forgot,  
I'll keep them still, however hard my lot ;  
Tho' I'm by treach'rous foes encompass'd round,  
I'll persevere, tho' deep I feel the wound.  
'Tis true that they may trifle with my fame,  
Blacken my actions, scandalize my name :  
Yet shall my spotless heart unfullied be,  
And from each vicious action still be free ;  
Whilst thou my guardian angel dost remain,  
Not all the world combin'd shall e'er give me pain.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED THE AUTHORESS WHAT  
WAS THE MOST DESIREABLE PRIZE ON EARTH.

**C**ONTENT, my friend, indeed's the greatest  
prize,

That mortals can possess beneath the skies ;  
In that alone consists true happiness,  
Tranquility, and joy, and lasting peace.  
Be it our care her footsteps to pursue,  
Whate'er our aims, let her be still in view.  
Let's act with fortitude, and persevere,  
And we may share her favours whilst we're here.  
Wou'd you, my friend, the heav'n born goddess find,  
She dwells within the great and virtuous mind ;  
That mind that meets misfortunes undismay'd,  
And tho' the storm rolls on is not afraid :  
Tho' thunders burst, and hover o'er its head,  
It meets its fate, and nothing has to dread :  
Sustain'd by virtue leaves severest fate,  
Nor values any's smiles or any's hate ;  
As well assur'd that heav'n will ever guard  
The virtuous heart, and in the end reward.  
For know this truth, and be assur'd of this,  
'Tis she alone must us conduct to bliss ?  
Think on my precepts when on India's shore,  
When you behold the moralist no more ;

Yet



Yet grave these serious maxims on thy heart,  
 And from the laws of virtue ne'er depart :  
 So shall you all the cares of life defy,  
 Live calmly, and triumphant die.

SERIOUS ADMONITION TO TWO YOUNG GENTLEMEN,  
 FOR WHOM THE AUTHORESS HAD A PARTICULAR  
 REGARD.

**D**EAR youths, if you wou'd happiness attain,  
 Take my advice, nor think it giv'n in vain :  
 Keep truth and virtue e'er before your eyes,  
 And face all dangers to secure the prize :  
 Virtue and truth for ever will endure,  
 And will your lasting happiness secure.  
 'Tis they will lead to honor's paths divine ;  
 'Tis they'll conduct you to fair honor's shrine,  
 Where joy and happiness for ever wait,  
 Splendor, and riches, and a smiling fate.  
 While vice, tremendous thought ! will make you feel  
 Pangs more severe than those of pointed steel.  
 The body's wounds may healed be by art,  
 But none can cure the wounds which rend the heart.  
 For as time flies, the wound still deeper grows,  
 And you're consign'd to everlasting woes.  
 Thro' flow'ry paths vice lures you gently on,  
 Nor can you see her snares till you're undone :  
 Grief and remorse await her wily snares,  
 Poig'nant repentance, unrelenting cares :

These

These are the triumphs of the forceress vile,  
Who steals your reason, and your thoughts beguile:  
Ever beware of her destructive arts;  
So shall you live with ease and joyful hearts;  
Ever remember, that a life well spent,  
On retrospection, yields a calm content;  
While vice embitters it with pain and grief,  
For which no mortal e're cou'd find relief.  
Then to the goddess daily off'rings make,  
And be assur'd she ne'er will you forsake:  
By her conducted shall you rise to fame,  
And glory win with an immortal name;  
To your dear parents will a blessing prove,  
And ev'ry heart shall you revere and love.  
But if the syren voice you will pursue,  
For ever bid to happiness adieu.  
Besides, eternity we all shou'd dread,  
For who, ah! who can wake the sleeping dead;  
They ne'er can come to tell us what they know,  
If doom'd to lasting happiness or woe.  
Be just and good while you this life enjoy,  
So shall you feel unutterable joy.  
My friends, if you these simple precepts mind,  
You ne'er shall fall, tho' all the world combin'd  
To hurt your peace, for arm'd with virtue's shield,  
You e'er shall triumph, and shall keep the field.



INFANTINE,

TO A ROBIN RED BREAST WHO WAKES THE AUTHORESS  
EVERY MORNING AT BREAK OF DAY. \*

I.

**P**RETTY warbler thus to charm me,  
With thy mattens morn and night,  
May disafter never harm ye,  
Thou who giv'st me such delight:  
From soft slumbers tho' you wake me,  
Yet I'll not offended be,  
For you full amends do make me,  
With your charming melody:  
While all other birds declining,  
Inly tune the languid throat,  
At waining summer vainly pining,  
Thou'rt in health, and in full note.

II.

If when frigid winter chills thee,  
To my bosom thou'lt repair;  
I'll protect thee, and no ill ye  
E'er shall feel, but be my care:  
With my hand I'll daily feed thee,  
And from storms defend thee still,  
From thine enemies will lead thee,  
Lovely warbler, sure I will;  
Once to avoid an enemy,  
One like thee to my bosom flew;  
I kiss'd, and set the charmer free,  
And just the same I'll do by you.

III.

## III.

The grateful chanter each morn hail'd me  
 In the chamber where I lay,  
 But long his notes had not availed,  
 Ere a cat stole him away :  
 I strove to save the little creature,  
 In vain to its assistance flew,  
 The cat, a savage e'er by nature,  
 Kill'd it, all that I cou'd do.  
 For its loss I wept sincerely,  
 My heart against the cat did turn,  
 To see her wound what I lov'd dearly,  
 And bury in her living urn.

## IV.

May no such fate await my charmer,  
 Thou who dost so sweetly chaunt ;  
 A friend than me you'll ne'er find warmer,  
 For I ne'er will see thee want :  
 But I will thee kindly cherish,  
 And will thee protect from harm ;  
 In the cold thou shalt not perish,  
 Next my heart I'll keep thee warm.

## IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THAT THE KING OF DENMARK HAD SET  
 APART SOME TIME EVERY WEEK TO REDRESS HIS  
 PEOPLE'S GRIEVANCES AND RECEIVE PETITIONS. \*

**F**OR acts like these were crowns and sceptres giv'n,  
 Kings were design'd the delegates of heav'n ;



To ease their people's cares, their wrongs redress,  
To sway with justice, shield them from distress :  
The pow'r they have by God was ne'er design'd  
E'er to enslave or terrify mankind :  
Kings are but Jove's vicegerent's here below,  
And should like him their blessings e'er bestow.  
Behold a monarch, whose imperial soul  
The pomp of court or fav'rites can't controul :  
He sees his people's wrongs with prying eyes,  
And those who cause them nobly doth despise.  
Oh, royal George ! him, thy example make,  
Some pity on thy people's sufferings take ;  
Oh ! let thy subjects fall before thy throne,  
And all their griefs divulge to thee alone :  
When with dire grief and poverty depress'd,  
Be thou like heav'n to succour the distress'd :  
Thy royal smiles may many hundreds save,  
Of real merit, from the dreary grave ;  
Or what is worse, who in oblivion pine,  
Tho' with superior talents born to shine :  
But sunk by grief, by poverty enchain'd,  
Their genius sleeps ; for where the heart is pain'd,  
Each art and science sickens, pines and dies ;  
For lib'ral arts the wretched ever flies.  
Arise, great king, a nursing-father prove,  
Each tongue shall bless thee, and each heart shall love ;  
Thy deeds shall be by all the world approv'd,  
And George be justly call'd the well-belov'd :  
A nobler victory shalt thou obtain,  
Than thousand conquests over France and Spain :

Thy

Thy people's hearts shall one and all be thine,  
 And thou shalt with redoubled lustre shine :  
 Kings shall be proud to learn thy gentle sway,  
 Where people, not thro' fear, but love, obey :  
 And wheresoe'er fame shall her trumpet sound,  
 She'll tell it to the list'ning world around ;  
 Each distant clime shall fear and bless thy fame,  
 And every shore shall echo George's name :  
 Kings are rever'd but little less than Jove ;  
 For gracious acts the people pay with love ;  
 Ready each hour to bleed at ev'ry vein,  
 Their sacred rights and empires to maintain.

## ON READING THE SHIPWRECK,

**T**H Y plaintive tale, sweet bard, my soul has  
 charm'd,  
 And with a soft distress my bosom hath alarm'd ;  
 Who but must shudder when thy tempest's roll,  
 And dreadful thunder roars from pole to pole ?  
 Who can, alas ! restrain the starting tear,  
 When forked lightnings dreadfully appear :  
 With horrid ruin to encompass round  
 The wretch who 'scapes the fate of being drown'd ?  
 But who my poignant feelings e'er can tell,  
 When thou describ'st the pair who lov'd so well ?  
 Thou faithful maid, thy woes I strongly feel,  
 Beyond the pow'r of language to reveal ;

I with



I with thy griefs sincerely sympathize,  
My heart is pain'd, the tears start from my eyes.  
Oh! cruel love, thou tyrant of mankind,  
Why wilt thou torture thus the human mind?  
Against thy pow'r philosophy is vain,  
Nor sense, or reason can award thy pain.  
Thou too, Palemon, must not go un Sung,  
Who with such raptures o'er thy charmer hung.  
Unhappy youth, I feel, I feel for thee,  
In my mind's eye thy dying pangs I see:  
For tho' death came in all his terrors dress'd,  
He cou'd not rend the fair one from thy breast.  
Oh faithful youth! how few there are like you,  
Who keep their vows inviolate and true,  
For man still fickle is, and loves to change,  
And all their joys from fair to fair to range:  
But thou wast true unto thy latest breath,  
Nor cou'dst subdue thy love not e'en in death.  
Your names shall live to ages yet unborn,  
And ever stand love's annals to adorn:  
Detested gold! what havock dost thou make!  
That thou so many gen'rous hearts must break;  
Better thy fatal pow'r had ne'er been known,  
Or been confin'd to sordid souls alone.  
Let those who love thee of thee have their fill,  
Curs'd in possession, and be wretched still:  
To such and such alone thy gifts dispense,  
But leave to love sweet peace and innocence.

## MORNING.

AURORA now with rosy fingers bright,  
Unfurls the gloomy curtains of old night :  
Behold the different exhalations rise,  
And paint with varied splendor all the skies;  
See where the envious clouds are chas'd away,  
Which late in mists obscur'd the lovely day :  
Behold the sun now rising in the east,  
To give new pleasure both to man and beast:  
Hark ! thro' the air the little warblers sing,  
To hail the day, and praise their God and king :  
The groves and fields more beauteous verdure shew,  
And nature with its richest tints doth glow :  
The lucid pearls, which nature does adorn,  
Enriches, and gives splendor to the morn,  
Must vanish soon, for Phebus mounts on high,  
And they must quick exhale unto the sky ;  
Where they by Jove's almighty pow'r remain,  
Till he commands them down again in rain :  
Behold the joyful lambkins skip around,  
While with their bleating—hill and dale resound :  
The shepherd now his fleecy care unfolds,  
And with as pleasing pride he them beholds,  
As any eastern monarch does to view  
The mines of Mexico, or rich Peru.  
Those are his wealth, from those his blessings springs,  
He envies neither emperors or kings :

Contented



Contented with his little flock and store,  
He happy lives, and asks of heav'n no more.

## ON SHAKESPEAR.

**S**HAKESPEAR was true celestial fire;  
A spark he stole from heav'n;  
He sung, while angels tun'd the lyre,  
A matchless genius unto him was giv'n:  
None like him ever yet was born,  
Nor none, I fear, will be;  
One Phenix did our isle adorn,  
And that sweet bard was thee.

## SPEECH OF QUEEN ELEANOR TO FAIR ROSAMOND.

## ATTEMPTED IN VERSE.

**H**ERE, fell enchantress, end thy wicked life,  
Take the reward due to an injur'd wife;  
Behold this dagger which thy blood shall spill;  
Nay, startle not, for know, I'll have my will:  
Thou'st robb'd me of my royal husband's heart,  
For which I'll make thine wanton, smart;  
Or else this bowl thy crimes shall expiate:  
In vain thou plead'st, nought can avert my hate.  
Think not my heart can soft compunction feel,  
Perish thou shalt by poison, or by steel.

Then

Then take thy choice, and instantly comply,  
 For thou this moment doomed art to die :  
 Thy beauty from my rancor cannot save,  
 For I one tender feeling will not have :  
 Thy fascinating charms does nought avail,  
 Nor o'er my fixed purpose can prevail.  
 With unrelenting hate I do thee view,  
 Therefore prepare to bid this world adieu.  
 An injur'd queen thou shalt no longer brave,  
 And Henry shall repent he ever was thy slave.  
 Thou shalt not live to hope thy paramour  
 Shall shield thee, tho' he did thy charms adore :  
 Vengeance I'll take on thy adult'rous head,  
 And feast mine eyes in triumph o'er thee dead.  
 Now take thy choice, behold the poison'd bowl,  
 Oh, wretch, does horror shake thy guilty soul ?  
 Take it this instant, or thy heart I'll wound,  
 And spurn thy wanton carcase on the ground.

## A SPEECH OF THE FAIR PENITENT ATTEMPTED.

**W**ELCOME these solemn sounds that strike  
 mine ears,

With all this pomp of horror which appears ;  
 These suit the frenzy of my guilty soul :  
 Here may I meditate without controul.  
 Here's room for thinking till my brain doth turn ;  
 This flame sleeps in the socket, 'twill not burn.



A book here too to teach me penitence,  
 Instructing patience—foolish trifle, hence.  
 Can lazy priests, with all their subtil art,  
 Teach me to feel more anguish in my heart?  
 The poignant pangs I feel of real woe,  
 Exceeds each penance which they can bestow;  
 What charnel rifled for these bones has been?  
 This vain parade I need not to have seen:  
 Horrid to me they seem, and most uncouth;  
 But what of that? Suppose 'twas age or youth  
 That once possess'd them, they are not dismay'd  
 To see this farce that's with their relics play'd?  
 But here, alas! here is a dreadful sight,  
 Which rends my heart, and doth my soul affright;  
 The dear Lothario, haughty, gallant, gay,  
 That lov'd perfidious, a pale coarse doth lay:  
 Ghastly he looks, with wounds all cover'd o'er,  
 With features grim, and welt'ring in his gore:  
 Ah, where is now the lustre of those eyes,  
 That robb'd me of my honor by surprize?  
 Ascend, ye phantoms, rise ye silent dead,  
 Pour all your baleful influence on my head;  
 Assume each dreadful form that frightens man,  
 And match the present horror if you can.

LAST SPEECH OF THE SAME.

**C**ELESTIAL sounds, how pleasing to my heart?  
 My pangs are o'er, I feel no grief or smart.

Ah!

Ah! Altamont! I soon shall cease to be,  
 Yet judge not harshly, but, oh, pity me.  
 Had I but sooner known, most gentle youth,  
 Thy wond'rous worth, thy excellence and truth;  
 We'd both been happy many years to come,  
 I'd liv'd with honor, and ne'er met this doom:  
 With thee I had enjoy'd a happy fate,  
 But all is o'er, alas! 'tis now too late:  
 Thou'rt the last object that I e'er shall see,  
 Mine eyes take pleasure in beholding thee;  
 Oh! that my heart I had bestow'd on you:  
 Mercy, just heav'n, my Altamont, adieu.

## AN EPISTLE TO AN INGENIOUS FRIEND.

**G**O on, sweet bard; lo, here I prophesy,  
 Thou'lt raise a lasting name that ne'er shall die;  
 So sweet and gentle do thy numbers flow,  
 Like placid waters when soft zephyrs blow:  
 Fully correct, adorn'd with solid sense,  
 Notions divine, and manly eloquence.  
 Had I a pen pluck'd from a seraph's wing  
 My pride wou'd be thy innate worth to sing;  
 But 'tis impossible thy worth to paint;  
 Words cannot do it, language is too faint:  
 But what I want in that accept from me,  
 The genuine language of sincerity;  
 The ardent wishes of an honest heart,  
 From flatt'ry free, devoid of guile or art.



Oh mayst thou ever, whilst thou here dost live,  
 Know all the joys that gracious heav'n can give,  
 Far from thy heart be each corroding care,  
 And mayst thou ne'er know trouble or despair.  
 May all thy life be one continued joy,  
 And happiness be thine without alloy.  
 So prays thy firm and ever faithful friend,  
 Who'll so remain until her life doth end;  
 And when deposited within my urn,  
 Bestow one friendly tear, but do not mourn:  
 Give to my fame what to it's justly due,  
 'Tis all the favor that I ask of you.  
 Say that within that tomb there lies a maid,  
 That e'er was ready ev'ry one to aid:  
 As far as her abilities wou'd go,  
 She wou'd alleviate each mortal's woe.  
 Say, tho' much wrong'd, she never wou'd revenge,  
 But left to heaven her cause to avenge:  
 But above all, my steady friendship praise,  
 A theme not ev'n unworthy of thy lays.

EXTEMPORE PRAYER.

**O**H thou superlatively good,  
 Who fill'st my heart with life informing blood;  
 Keep me from all the perils of this night,  
 And let not horrid visions me affright:  
 O let thy angels o'er me vigils keep,  
 And guard my pillow whilst I am asleep:

In

In gentle slumbers let me sink to rest,  
 And calm the tortures of my troubled breast;  
 And in the morn the praises will I sing  
 Of thee my God, my Saviour, and my King.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN, WHO ASKED ME WHAT I COULD  
 COMPARE THE RIVER TO, AS I WAS LOOKING AT  
 IT, OF A CALM DAY.

## I.

**Y**OU ask to what the river I compare,  
 Attend me while I speak this truth,  
 'Tis like your sex, when you'd ensnare  
 Our heedless and unguarded youth.

## II.

Just like this glassy surface you,  
 When sinking us to slaves;  
 But when our honor you subdue,  
 More rough than winds or waves.

## ON READING THE RUINS OF ROME.

**W**HILE genius lives, and arts polite shall reign,  
 Dyer, thy song immortal shall remain;  
 Thy lofty muse in plaintive numbers sings,  
 The fate of nations, emperors and kings:

And



And tho' like Rome, thou dost in ruins lie,  
Thou'ft rais'd a name like her that ne'er can die ;  
For while thy poem shall, or Rome be read,  
Thy name can ne'er be numb'ed with the dead.  
Thy diction's elegant, thy thoughts sublime,  
And shall withstand the ravages of time :  
Whoever reads must fully have in view,  
Thy lawns, thy land skips, and thy lambkins too ;  
The scenes so beauteous from thy pencil fall,  
That we with rapture fir'd behold them all.  
Thy fleecy care we o'er the meadows trace,  
And as they rove, we stray from place to place ;  
Full in our sight th' enchanting prospects rise,  
Of hills and dales ; of water, earth and skies.  
But who is there but must with thee deplore,  
That all those lovely prospects are no more ?  
Who but must feel a reverential awe,  
For her who once to all the world gave law ?  
Who but her ruin must commiserate,  
And drop a tear for her unhappy fate ?  
By magic numbers we delusion feel,  
Beyond all human power to reveal.  
With energetic fire, it warms the heart,  
And gives more bliss than I can well impart ;  
With emulative thought it does my heart inspire,  
And makes me wish for more than mortal fire.  
Oh ! cou'd I borrow but one rag from thee,  
Then like thyself immortal shou'd I be.

## ADVICE TO A FRIEND.

**W**HILE you dear friend the paths of vice pursue,  
 You bid to real happiness adieu ;  
 For tho' of liberty you boast and brave,  
 Believe your friend, you are to vice a slave,  
 And while she lures you, 'tis but to enchain,  
 And lead you on to horror, grief and pain ;  
 The time will come, when she will you despise,  
 And o'er your sufferings will tyrannize.  
 Then you'll repent in tears when 'tis too late,  
 Will curse the forcerefs, and repine at fate.  
 Be warn'd in time, my friend, to shun the snare,  
 That in the end will bring you to despair :  
 For oh ! there's no repentance in the grave,  
 No mortal power can you protect or save ;  
 From the just vengeance due to injur'd heav'n,  
 Therefore repent in time, and be forgiv'n.

## IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THAT HER MAJESTY REPEATED THE  
 TWO FOLLOWING LINES TO A LADY.

Be good yourself, nor think another's shame,  
 Can raise your merit, or adorn your name.

**F**OR this alone, oh ! gracious queen, thy name  
 Shall stand enrolled in the book of fame ;

My



My royal mistress, wou'd all judge like thee,  
 How blest'd and happy human-kind wou'd be :  
 Merit wou'd flourish, bitter rancor cease,  
 And every bosom feel content and peace.

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED ME WHERE HAPPINESS WAS TO BE FOUND.

**Y**OU ask me where you happiness shall find,  
 I'll tell you friend, 'tis only in the mind ;  
 It is not store of gold, or outward shew,  
 That can convey true happiness to you.  
 Let stormy passions ne'er your mind control,  
 But meet all changes with a placid soul ;  
 Learn in your station to be quite content,  
 And thank kind heav'n for the good it has lent :  
 So shalt thou lasting happiness enjoy,  
 Which neither time or envy can destroy.

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO TOLD ME HE DOUBTED OF  
 THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

**H**OLD, impious wretch ! how dar'st thou have a  
 thought,  
 That with such ills unnumbered must be fraught ?  
 Go view the dying, and the difference scan,  
 Betwixt the virtuous and the vicious man.

That

The good with transport calmly yields his breath,  
Smiles at his dart, and triumphs over death ;  
As well assur'd, that to his wish is giv'n,  
To share with angels all the joy of heav'n.  
Now turn your eyes to where the wicked lies :  
Behold his heart-felt pangs and agonies ;  
See his nerves work, his eye-balls how they glare,  
His soul is rack'd with horror and despair.  
Fain from th' avenging hand of heav'n he'd fly,  
But all in vain, he sees no succour nigh :  
Too late he feels the all-correcting rod,  
Dies in despair, and curses e'en his God.  
Say, what is man, that God shou'd on him look,  
Or write his name in his eternal book ?  
A reptile worm, but for his saving grace,  
That dares not look his Maker in the face :  
Involv'd in sin, with crimes all cover'd o'er,  
Yet has he giv'n thee will him to adore ;  
And if thou wilt, all evil may'st eschew,  
And ev'ry vicious passion may'st subdue.  
Else, why possess'd of an immortal soul,  
If 'twas not given our vices to controul ?  
Tell me, thou athiest, solve this mighty doubt,  
At once resolve what man wou'd be without  
This heav'n-born spark of true celestial fire,  
Which to thy cost must live and ne'er expire.  
Say, would'st thou not be level with the brute ?  
You answer not, you shudder and are mute.  
What, mighty champion ! Sure thou'rt not afraid,  
To accept a challenge from a simple maid ?



I'll tell thee then the soul to man was giv'n,  
 To give him here a foretaste of that heav'n ;  
 Where he shall surely fly and enter in,  
 If in this world he conquers guilt and sin.  
 Save those which our first parents did entail  
 Upon their race, of these we cannot fail,  
 Of these we must partake, which causes all our woe ;  
 And this too fatal truth, alas ! we know.  
 Yet reason sure each passion may command,  
 If we against them make a noble stand.  
 None need be vicious, if not so inclin'd,  
 Tho' to allure them all the world combin'd :  
 No, 'tis their inclination makes them bad,  
 Reasons absorb'd, and they are surely mad.

ON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND TRULY  
 HONEST MARQUISS OF GRANBY.

**M**Y gracious God, is Granby's spirit fled,  
 And in an instant number'd with the dead ?  
 Surely I dream, ah ! no, it is too true,  
 His honest soul has bid the world adieu :  
 Else why these boding sighs, these starting tears,  
 Perturbed spirits, and heart-chilling fears.  
 Yes, 'tis too true, Britannia mourns with me,  
 Her darling son who fought for liberty :  
 Whose loyal heart e'er brav'd each kind of ill,  
 To guard her rights, and to protect her still ;

Equal

Equal alike in senate or in field,  
To give good council, or the sword to wield ;  
Foremost at all times to maintain her laws,  
Or bleed each vein in his lov'd country's cause ;  
With manly eloquence, devoid of art,  
He spoke the dictates of his worthy heart ;  
Not sway'd by int'rest, or corruption vile,  
Stranger to fear, to cowardice, or guile ;  
Placid and mild as is the summer's morn,  
When bright Aurora doth the skies adorn ;  
To all who did his king and country love,  
But terrible unto their foes did prove.  
Relentless death, thou'st struck the fatal blow,  
Which causes every honest eye to flow ;  
To call him hence, when all the world's in arms,  
And dire Bellona with her loud alarms,  
Makes Europe shake : Who shall his place supply  
And lead our gallant troops to victory ?  
Who like himself will prove the soldier's friend,  
Redress their wrongs, and them from want defend ?  
But whither wou'd I soar, a pen divine  
Shou'd picture forth such innate worth as thine.  
All I can do, 's to shed the grateful tear,  
Of real anguish o'er thy ill-tim'd bier ;  
Thy native fortitude to imitate,  
Which rose superior to the frowns of fate.  
Oh ! blessed saint, with filial love look down,  
Protect thy king, and guard his sacred crown :  
And as in life thou did'st thy sov'reign love,  
Be now his genius, thy affection prove ;



Be ever near him to protect and guide,  
Then George may ev'ry hostile foe deride,

ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

**T**REMBLE ye mortals, learn to fear the Lord,  
Who mighty is whene'er he gives the word :  
What mortal can the almighty pow'r command ?  
Or who can fly from his avenging hand ?  
From human ills we may our persons guard,  
But from omnipotence there's none the blow can ward ;  
He gives the word, the world with anguish groans,  
Earth trembles to the center, nature moans :  
Mountains and piles, which seem'd to kiss the skies,  
At his command an heap of ruins lies :  
The earth disparted, opens wide around,  
And swallows all things in the vast profound.  
Dreadful the thought ! with sins yet unforgiv'n,  
How shall ye see your Maker's face in heav'n ?  
Oh think, ye erring mortals, whilst you're here,  
At his tribunal soon ye must appear :  
Repent your crimes, and all your follies leave,  
Believe a God, or you yourselves deceive ;  
Then seize the present moment and reclaim,  
And lowly reverence and fear his name :  
So shall your souls elated be on high,  
And nothing fear, tho' light'nings round you fly,  
Tho' earthquakes shake the vast expanse around,  
And thunders roar with their terrific sound :

Yet

## ORIGINAL POEMS.



Yet self-approv'd the great event you'll wait,  
And steadily resign'd will meet your fate.  
Not so the sinner in this awful hour,  
Appall'd he stands, nor has he ev'n pow'r  
To lift his thoughts unto his God on high,  
But as he liv'd, does a blasphemer die.  
Fly they cannot, for vain is human skill  
To guard or save them from impending ill :  
Trembling alive, all o'er they find a tomb,  
And are enshrin'd within their mother's womb.  
But, ah ! his sufferings are not here to rest,  
Cast out from heav'n, discarded from the blest ;  
Condemn'd to suffer to eternity,  
Involv'd in tortures that can never die.  
Then think by times, and lift your souls to heav'n,  
And you of all your sins will be forgiv'n.

### ADDRESS TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

**T**OO long, alas ! too long, ye British fair,  
Has dress and nonsense been your only care ;  
To reason deaf, and to conviction blind,  
You've lost the chain by which you led mankind.  
Instead of those embellishments that charms  
And courts the man of honor to your arms ;  
Those charms, ye fair, that does your minds improve,  
And links the chain of everlasting love ;  
Those charms to which each moment add new grace,  
And will survive the beauties of the face,

Which



## ORIGINAL POEMS.

Which imperceptibly doth fleet away,  
And when in prime is hast'ning to decay.  
Each noble sentiment's absorb'd in you,  
While pleasure's paths you heedlessly pursue.  
Cards, routs, coteries, op'ras, balls and shews,  
The only bus'ness of your lives compose :  
Callows to all the soft conjugal ties,  
Your litany 's, your husbands to despise :  
Your offspring too must feel your dire neglect,  
For you their bodies nor their minds respect :  
Scarce will you deign on them to cast an eye,  
But still from scene to scene of folly fly.  
Your duty 'tis to lay the gen'rous plan,  
Instil those thoughts that constitute the man:  
Still o'er their infant minds to keep a guard,  
To punish vice, and virtuous acts reward.  
For shame : awake ! the historic page explore,  
Recount those heroes Rome and Athens bore,  
With Greece and Sparta, and you there will find  
A glorious pattern for all womankind.  
'Twas they instructed them by nobler rules,  
Than dull pedantic lessons learn'd at schools:  
They form'd the hero, senator, and king,  
As grave historians write, and poets sing :  
Tho' now their ashes in oblivion lie,  
Their native worth and names can never die :  
Long as this transient globe its frame shall hold,  
Their names shall last by fame and time enroll'd.

## SPEECH OF FAIR ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

**O**H my lov'd lord, much dearer than my life,  
Leave me not here, expos'd to care and strife.  
Consider well, e'er you from me depart,  
What arts you us'd to gain my virgin heart :  
A heart unfullied, free from art or guile,  
Till 'twas betray'd by thy bewitching smile.  
Think that to thee I yielded up my charms,  
And lost my honor in thy royal arms.  
My life, my love, whom I must e'er adore,  
Too true, I fear, I ne'er shall see thee more :  
Tho' providence shou'd guard thee in the field,  
And heav'n shou'd thee from ev'ry danger shield;  
Ne'er more thou'lt see thy Rosamond alive,  
When thou art gone, I shall not long survive.  
My gracious lord, while suppliant here I kneel,  
Words cannot paint the poignant griefs I feel;  
Behold my tears, mark well these weeping eyes,  
And see my swelling bosom torn with sighs :  
My soul's alarmed with ten thousand fears,  
My utterance fails while I'm dissolv'd in tears.  
Forgive me thus to wound thy royal breast,  
But know, my heart a stranger is to rest :  
Thy safety too fills me with racking fear,  
For thou, dear lord, art all that I hold dear.  
I am a wretch ought not to be forgiv'n,  
And justly have incurr'd the wrath of heav'n.

Vengeance



Vengeance to my detested crimes are due,  
But gracious heav'n avert its wrath from you :  
The fatal stain which on my honor lies,  
Has made each virtuous fair one me despise.  
No one to save or own me can I find,  
But banish'd from the world and womankind :  
The favors I've received from your grace,  
Has me estranged from my noble race :  
Disown'd by all, a wretched outcast, I  
Have nothing left to do but mourn and die.  
I tremble for the vengeance of the queen,  
Better for you and me I ne'er had been.  
My griefs are too confused to explain,  
Yet not without just grounds do I complain :  
Lo, here I give into your royal hand  
The fatal scroll, by which you'll understand  
Your much wrong'd queen your Rosamond doth hate !  
Behold in this the messenger of fate.  
While thou wast near, I with indifference  
Thought on these threats, but now thou must from  
hence,  
And leave me here : where shall I find a friend ?  
Or who will one so lost as me defend ?  
My ruin's near, nor can I ward the blow,  
Think it not false, the truth too well I know :  
Too truly doth my throbbing heart presage,  
I fall a victim to the queen's just rage.  
My dearest life, oh ! leave me not behind,  
Involv'd in ills, a certain death I find :  
My

My fears to thee must truly be confess'd,  
 My heart recoils at death in terrors dress'd.  
 Yet when I die, this glorious fate is mine,  
 I in thy love unrivalled did shine.  
 Triumphant then, this world I'll bid adieu,  
 An envied fate, since I must die for you :  
 For thee I liv'd, and thee I lov'd alone,  
 Then welcome death when royal Henry's gone.

## THE TRAVELLER. A FABLE. IMITATED.

**A** Weary traveller worn out with care,  
 Oppress'd with hunger, and in deep despair;  
 Fainting he cast around his languid eyes,  
 But nothing sees but land and ambient skies :  
 Pensive he moves, and to himself thus says ;  
 Alas ! I here must end my wretched days ;  
 No hopes of food : lo, here I welcome death,  
 And on this fatal spot resign to heav'n my breath.  
 Wild with despair, he traverses the ground ;  
 After much toil and pain, an hedge he found,  
 With nuts o'ergrown, to it he quickly makes,  
 And in his hands the flatt'ring fruit he takes.  
 But mark the fallacy of human joy,  
 What false appearance does our peace destroy.  
 Eager he cracks, but nothing in them finds  
 But dust, which fleeting flies before the winds.  
 At length some beauteous apple-trees he sees,  
 The sight of which his fainting spirits please :

H

The



The lovely fruit so tempting was to fight,  
It fill'd his heart with rapture and delight.  
Thank heav'n! he cries, my joys are now compleat,  
I of this charming fruit may safely eat:  
My thirst 'twill cool, my hunger will allay,  
Then with fresh vigor I'll pursue my way.  
This fruit divine has lovely to behold,  
Painted with beauteous red and burnish'd gold;  
He tastes, but to his great surprise and grief,  
These too deny'd the traveller relief:  
They wildings were, and nothing wou'd produce  
But acid liquor, which is call'd verjuice.  
Again deceiv'd, to heav'n he ardent prays,  
To grant relief, or end his wretched days:  
Heav'n heard his pray'r, and him directed strait  
Unto Palemon's hospitable gate;  
He enters in, his sorrows quickly end,  
And all his cares are healed by a friend.

## M O R A L.

While thro' life's stormy seas we steer,  
Alternate are our hopes 'twixt joy and fear:  
But mortals, know no real joys you'll prove,  
Unless your firm reliance is above:  
'Tis heav'n alone will succour to you grant,  
Relieve your woes, and you secure from want.  
Then let this maxim dwell in ev'ry mind,  
Whatever ills we meet to be to heav'n resign'd.

MAN'S LIFE IS DARK, AND MISTY ALL, AND IN THE  
DARK OUR FORTUNES MEET US.

ANONYMUS.

**M**AN's life indeed is dark and misty all,  
And where there's one treads sure, there's  
twenty fall;

By vice and headstrong passions led astray,  
They blindly steer, and often lose their way:  
With eager haste promiscuously they run,  
Nor see the fatal snare till they're undone:  
Then with repentant tears, when 'tis too late,  
In bitter anguish they repine at fate.  
But to avoid these ills, let virtue lead,  
And everlasting joy will sure succeed.

THE BEAUTIES OF INGRESS. \*

**Y**E sacred nine, assistance I implore,  
Oh guide my quill, and let my genius soar;  
To Ingress, blest'd retreat! I tune my lays,  
'Tis Ingress' beauties that I fain wou'd praise.  
Howe'er unequal to the task design'd,  
I'll strive to paint thy beauties to mankind:  
If plung'd in ills, and overwhelm'd with care,  
Wou'dst thou be happy, thou must seek it here.

H 2

Here,



Here, when thou wand'rest thro' these bless'd abodes,  
The haunt of angels and of demi-gods :  
Thy mind, tho' rack'd with ev'ry kind of ill,  
Shall feel a calm, and grief itself stand still,  
To view the beauties of dame nature's face,  
And see her thus adorn'd with ev'ry grace.  
Here artless nature's beauties are reveal'd,  
Nor does the goddess strive to be conceal'd :  
Her latent charms she here presents to view,  
And her sole aim is but to pleasure you.  
Where horrid chasms did of late affright,  
Indulgent nature hides them from our sight ;  
And cliffs on cliffs in ruins heretofore,  
Are now with beauteous verdure cover'd o'er.  
As you walk on, fresh beauties here you meet,  
And own 'tis nature's masterpiece compleat.  
Here Flora all her choicest blessings sheds  
O'er hill and dale, and sweet enamell'd meads.  
Thence turn your eyes o'er yonder verdant fields,  
And see the blessings which great Ceres yields :  
Lo there in state behold the goddess borne  
High in her car, o'er fields of bending corn,  
With peace and plenty following in her train,  
Rewards the tiller's care for all his pain.  
See, far as can the human sight explore,  
Old Thames meand'ring thro' the winding shore,  
With his attendants grac'd, and with him brings  
Wealth from all nations, tribute from all kings.  
On his proud waves our fleets in triumph ride,  
Our greatest glory, and our greatest pride.

Here

Here shepherds feed their flocks at early dawn,  
And tender lambkins sport upon the lawn ;  
The lowing kine, with joy the milkmaid meets,  
And to her hand present their swelling teats.  
While the sweet choristers throughout the grove,  
In sounds melodious tune their notes to love :  
These are the scenes for contemplation fit,  
To try the genius, and improve the wit.  
Oh let me ever wander here unknown,  
To all the world, but to my friends alone.  
When you behold the beauties of the whole,  
You see an emblem of the owner's soul :  
By nature great, without the help of art,  
Noble his mind, and generous his heart ;  
He wipes the tear from off affliction's eye,  
And shields the wretch that's doom'd to misery ;  
He soothes the heart, and with a lenient hand,  
Bids care be gone, which flies at his command.  
If worth on earth is heav'n's peculiar care,  
Oh ! great Jehovah hear my ardent pray'r ;  
Oh, keep him free from sickness, grief, or pain,  
While 'tis thy will that he shou'd here remain :  
And as his blessings he dispenses here,  
May he be bless'd in thy celestial sphere ;  
May he in heav'n the force of friendship prove,  
And share the blessings with the bless'd above.



## ON HER MAJESTY.

**T**O thee, great queen, I tune the votive lyre,  
Thy real virtues does the muse inspire ;  
Pardon, O royal fair, an humble muse,  
Who wou'd thy portrait draw; nor thou refuse,  
The tribute to thy excellencies due,  
And noble sentiments that's found in few.  
Thrice happy isle, that's rul'd by such a queen,  
In whom each amiable virtue's seen ;  
The tender mother, and indulgent wife,  
The joy and comfort of my sov'reign's life :  
At all times easy, affable, humane,  
Still ready to relieve the wretches pain.  
In friendship steady, candid and sincere,  
Who to thy subjects must be ever dear ;  
Malice, thy spotless character can't taint,  
Thou reign'st a queen, yet livest like a saint.  
O wou'd each fair, example take by thee,  
How great and happy wou'd this island be ?  
Glory and happiness, and fair renown,  
My much lov'd country wou'd adorn and crown.  
But British fair to dissipation run,  
Their lord's unhappy, and themselves undone.  
For shame ! by royal Charlotte pattern take,  
Return to virtue, and your crimes forsake.  
Let your chaste mistress your example prove,  
Then all mankind shall you revere and love ;

Love;

Love, did I say, indeed they will do more,  
 For all the sex will love you and adore.  
 Oh, may the years as they succeeding roll,  
 Still add new happiness t' Charlotte's soul;  
 Still as the fleeting hours are rolling round,  
 May ev'ry joy and blessing thee surround.  
 Long may'st thou live, thy people to protect,  
 And they return thee duty and respect:  
 Then shall the golden age again return,  
 Bless'd in thy smiles, the people ne'er can mourn:  
 Then shall thy subjects Iö peans sing,  
 To lovely Charlotte, and our gracious king.

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER A STORM, WHEREIN  
 I HAD A VERY SINGULAR ESCAPE FROM THE  
 LIGHTENING. \*

**H**OW awful are thy judgments, mighty Lord?  
 Tremendous all, when'er thou giv'st the word:  
 At thy command the heav'n's seem on fire,  
 And sick'ning nature's ready to expire.  
 How nobly terrible thy thunders roll,  
 And shake the vast expanse, and fright the soul?  
 With what rapidity thy light'ning flies,  
 And fills us sinful mortals with surprize?  
 The black'ning clouds and cataracts of rain,  
 Seem as if Chaos wou'd return again;  
 All nature groans, and the affrighted world,  
 Expects in deep oblivion to be hurl'd.

Yet



Yet never let the good and just despair,  
 For virtue still is heav'n's peculiar care ;  
 If conscious to thyself thou know'st no guile,  
 Thou'lt meet thy fate expiring with a smile.  
 If by the forked light'ning thou should'st die,  
 Thou'lt sooner reach to immortality ;  
 Thy Maker's presence sooner shalt explore,  
 And live in joy and bliss for evermore :  
 Then know thyself, and put thy trust in heav'n,  
 And ev'ry blessing unto thee is giv'n.

BE this my motto and my fate,  
 Hated by knaves, and knaves to hate. DRYDEN.

IMPROMPTU,  
 ON READING THE ABOVE LINES.

**M**AY I by knaves and fools be e'er despis'd,  
 And only by the truly virtuous priz'd.

IMPROMPTU,  
 TO A PERSON WHO WAS RIDICULING HIS NEIGHBOURS.

**S**EARCH all the globe around, you'll never see,  
 A person that from faults is wholly free :  
 For me, this maxim will I hold alone,  
 To wink at others, and correct my own.

IMPROMPTU,  
TO A GENTLEMAN WHO RALLIED ME ON WEEPING  
FOR THE DISTRESS OF A POOR WOMAN.

**M**Y heart was form'd in nature's softest mould,  
Nor can my pity ever be controul'd :  
Oh ! were my means effusive as my heart,  
The wretched never shou'd from me depart,  
Till I had gently sooth'd their hearts to rest,  
And heal'd the wounds by which they were distress'd;  
But tho' I cannot lend to them relief,  
Yet must I e'er participate their grief :  
For them my friendly bosom heaves the sigh,  
For them th' soul rending tear bursts from my eye ;  
If 'tis a fault, you'll pardon me, my friend,  
Since 'tis a fault I never can amend.

YES, she shall teach thee how to soar,  
Higher than e'er thou did'st before ;  
On airy pinions shalt thou rise,  
In wide excursions thro' the skies :  
Shalt learn to walk the heav'nly road,  
That leads to truth's divine abode ;  
Tutor'd by her, thou'lt learn the arts,  
Of gaining heads, and conqu'ring hearts.  
Brent of Macaulay.



**B**RENT, from our sex thou dost deserve all praise,  
Therefore accept the tribute of my lays ;  
In this licentious age, there's few like you,  
Will give to female merit its just due.  
If we have sense, they with sarcastic smile  
Intimidate, and wou'd us fain beguile  
Of all the understanding that we have,  
Because our minds they'd artfully enslave.  
But thou the sexes champion art stepp'd forth,  
And quite impartial, own'st superior worth  
In fair Macaulay, who shall ever shine,  
With unremitting lustre near divine ?  
Wou'd all the sex encourage us like you,  
More real merit in us soon you'd view ;  
By you protected, females soon wou'd soar,  
And ev'ry art and science wou'd explore.  
This I with truth aver, the more we know,  
The greater happiness we can bestow ;  
For in your search thro' life, you'll surely find,  
No joy from an uncultivated mind.  
Then, if you'd have us blessings prove to you,  
Give us your aid, such studies to pursue ;  
As will subdue our minds, and civilize ;  
But cease your satyr, nor do us despise.  
For heav'n gave us an immortal soul,  
And we like you, each foible can controul.  
By reason blest, with education's aid,  
You'll find your efforts will be full repaid :

For

For all the improvements you on us bestow,  
We'll sweeten life, while you remain below.  
But if in ignorance we e'er remain,  
You'll surely with us drag a heavy chain;  
Then nip us not like an untimely frost,  
Least you in us, find all your wishes cross'd.

ADVERSITY's a school, wherein we're taught,  
To form and regulate the growing thought.

LADY DUBOIS.

**Y**ES, charming fair, I must with you agree,  
The school of virtue, is adversity;  
Philosophy it teaches to the mind,  
And learns us to meet troubles quite resign'd.  
However some may boast of happiness,  
Thy ne'er can taste it till they've felt distress;  
Then with redoubled force, they feel the joy,  
And nothing can their peace of mind destroy.

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

**A**T length stern winter shews his rugged face,  
And bids defiance to the human race;  
Now, blooming summer, with his train is fled,  
And o'er the earth the wither'd leaves are spread.  
Black storms now threaten, clouds deform the skies,  
And all things now looks dreary to our eyes;



Old age with bitter sighs and groans complains,  
 How much the wintry blasts augments their pains.  
 Ev'n sprightly youth, the force of winter feels,  
 And in their youthful veins, the blood almost congeals,  
 When from the vast empyrean snow descends,  
 And raging winds the earth's dark caverns rends ;  
 When ruthless frost the earth's gay bosom locks  
 The loving kine, the tender harmless flocks,  
 And feather'd race, all, all partake of woe ;  
 No herb or berry can she then bestow :  
 With unrelenting hand, it stops the springs,  
 And threatens famine to all living things.  
 In this sad scene, all nature seems to sleep,  
 And death in triumph rules the wat'ry deep :  
 In this dire season, shall the just despair ?  
 Ah, no ! for innocence is heav'n's best care :  
 Hope still awaits and shews them better fate,  
 Pointing to spring in all his regal state ;  
 Who comes with plenty in her jocund train,  
 To give us joy, and ease us of our pain :  
 Then gloomy mortals, shall with pleasure sing,  
 Adieu cold winter, hail the genial spring.

PART OF THE LAMENTATION OF FINGAL,  
 ATTEMPTED IN VERSE.

**L**O, on this sea-dash'd rock, with grief o'ercome,  
 My love-sick daughter us'd oft times to roam ;  
From

From ev'ry eye she wander'd here alone,  
 To things inanimate to make her moan :  
 Dreadful and piercing were her frequent cries,  
 Which rent the air, and echo'd thro' the skies.  
 Nor cou'd I, tho' I wish'd it, lend my aid,  
 Or give relief to the unhappy maid :  
 All night I stood distracted on the shore,  
 And heard her plaints 'till they were heard no more.  
 Loud blew the winds which harrow'd up my soul,  
 While cataracts of rain a-down the mountains roll :  
 Long e'er the morning dawn'd, her voice grew weak,  
 She fainting lay, and had not pow'r to speak ;  
 Like to the murmurs of the ev'ning breeze,  
 When it glides gently o'er rocks, grafs, and trees :  
 So was the lovely maid, when nature tir'd,  
 O'ercome with grief, she silently expir'd.  
 Oh potent death ! come rive a parent's heart,  
 Quick let me from this cruel world depart :  
 Make haste to come, and strike the fatal blow,  
 And by my much-lov'd daughter lay me low.

## TO THE EARL OF BESBOROUGH.

**M**Y lord, if friendship claims the muses lays,  
 They to your lordship lasting fame shou'd  
 raise.

Hail, sacred friendship ! heav'n-born fire divine !  
 Thou shou'dst be sung by abler pens than mine :

When



When in a Besborough thou deign'st to show  
 That Jove has still some substitutes below.  
 Ah! noble Besborough, how few like you  
 Encourage merit, and protect it too:  
 Who like the sun's refreshing influence,  
 With open hands thy bounties doth dispense.  
 No venal views can shake thy steady soul,  
 Or from thy purposes thy mind controul:  
 Like a firm oak, amidst the storms of state,  
 Thou stand'st unmov'd, serenely good and great.  
 My grateful heart to thee shall tribute pay,  
 My grateful heart shall ever bless the day,  
 When Besborough did kindly condescend  
 To patronize me, and become my friend:  
 While the celestial spark shall warm my frame,  
 While my pulse play I celebrate thy fame:  
 And when to heav'n I shall resign my breath,  
 I'll bless thy name, and pray for thee in death.

TO ———.

**L**ADIES, if you wou'd really wish to charm,  
 Let gen'rous sentiments your bosoms warm;  
 To cherish merit be your constant care,  
 These are employments worthy of the fair;  
 Never superior worth depreciate,  
 Nor it pursue with unrelenting hate;  
 But give to real worth what to it's due;  
 Of others judge, as heav'n shall judge of you.

Let

Let not your wiles, like an untimely frost,  
Your sex depress ; you'll find it to your cost,  
You'll ne'er by it a gen'rous heart obtain,  
For men of sense such servile arts disdain ;  
For tho' thro' envy, or some private grudge  
You blacken them, men for themselves will judge :  
If they have honor, they will you despise,  
And hate you, if you others scandalize :  
Like a contagion they will from you fly,  
You'll live unfriended, and unpitied die.  
But with fair truth and honor for your guide,  
You to protect will be their greatest pride :  
Exalt your thoughts, on truth's fair pinions soar,  
Then women will approve, and men adore.

## A RIDDLE.

**I** AM a most surprizing creature,  
As e'er you saw in art or nature ;  
Sometimes like man, I'm made of earth,  
Sometimes Peru doth give me birth ;  
Sometimes opake, and sometimes clear,  
Oft-times in wood I do appear ;  
Sometimes most richly am emboss'd,  
And then it is I'm valu'd most :  
Because of more intrinsic worth,  
Then noble hands do hold me forth :  
Sometimes oblong, and sometimes round,  
And Proteus-like, in divers shapes am found :

Oft



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Then noble hands do hold me forth :  
Sometimes oblong, and sometimes round,  
And Proteus-like, in divers shapes am found :

Oft



Oft when I'm empty you are dull,  
 But always chear your hearts when I am full.  
 What I contain your senses often steal;  
 If you are wise my name you'll soon reveal.

## ANOTHER.

**K**NOW, mortals, if you search the world around,  
 No succedaneum can for me be found:  
 E'en potent gold, which all things else can buy,  
 I laugh to scorn, and all its pow'r defy;  
 And oft-times where it does the most abound,  
 My gentle influence the least is found:  
 Oft-times I ease the faithful lover's grief,  
 And by my charms administer relief:  
 But when most courted I deny my aid,  
 And fly his presence like the cruel maid,  
 That is the cause of all his pain and smart,  
 Who by her pow'r enchains the lovesick heart.  
 In vain of me he does assistance crave,  
 I slight his pray'r, and fly the wretched slave.  
 I'm ever found where innocence does dwell,  
 And reign triumphant in the humble cell:  
 But to the villain I am ne'er a friend,  
 Unwilling I his footsteps do attend:  
 And if by chance I my attendance deign,  
 It is but to increase the wretches pain:  
 I fill his soul with horror and affright,  
 And haunt his guilty conscience like a sprite.

But

But to the honest and the virtuous mind,  
I am the greatest blessing e'er design'd  
By gracious heav'n, to dissipate their care,  
Improve their health, and keep them from despair.

## A N O T H E R.

**T**H O' I just portraits give of all mankind,  
I use no pencil, and myself am blind;  
And yet, kind Sirs, I am no conjurer,  
As I assure you thousands can aver.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND,  
ON READING SOME ANECDOTES OF HIS LATE UNCLE.

**H**ENRY, if thou wou'dst win a lasting name,  
And to posterity transmit thy fame:  
Be like thy late dear uncle, good and great,  
Who sav'd his country from impending fate;  
Who fought with honor in Britannia's cause,  
And snatch'd her from the proud invader's jaws.  
Culloden's plains to future times shall tell  
What traitors by the sword of justice fell:  
When dire rebellion rais'd her forked head,  
And o'er our country devastation spread.  
When fierce Alec'to hurl'd her snakes on high,  
And with her malice threaten'd earth and sky:

K

Who



Who then amongst our countrymen were found,  
Who 'gainst the rebels dar'd to stand their ground ?  
Not one, till thy immortal uncle went,  
Who found his army low and almost spent ;  
But cheer'd by him, their valour they resume,  
And in an instant thousands meet their doom :  
And yet like Jove, how mercifully good,  
The royal hero was to save their blood ?  
Soon as he saw their ardour 'gan to cease,  
He gave the word, and bade the carnage cease.  
Let us remember his humanity,  
How meekly he address'd the deity ;  
When he survey'd the bodies of the slain,  
And saw them scatter'd o'er the sanguine plain.  
Let it in time's great annals stand enroll'd,  
Let it to ev'ry distant clime be told,  
That God-like pity fill'd his royal breast,  
And to Jehovah he this pray'r address'd :  
Lord, what am I, that thou shou'dst mindful be  
Of me, when here so many slain I see ?  
What am I more than they, that thou shou'dst save  
Me, when so many here have found a grave ?  
Whether in council, camps, or courts, he shone,  
His country's int'rest fill'd his breast alone :  
He death and danger nobly did withstand,  
And by his courage sav'd a sinking land.  
His private virtues too we must adore,  
His hand was ever open to the poor :  
To succour merit was his constant care,  
But to the world the villain's heart he'd bare.

Be

Be thou like him, thy king and country's friend,  
 And 'gainst their enemies their cause defend :  
 Convince mankind, that whilst thou dost inherit  
 His titles, that thou wilt enjoy his merit :  
 Be thou like him, and thy great name shall soar,  
 And fame shall waft the sound from shore to shore.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO SAID HE WAS AFRAID HE  
 COULD NOT HAVE SPIRIT TO GO ON WITH SOME-  
 THING HE HAD UNDERTAKEN.

**T**HE willing mind each ardent path explores,  
 Surmounts all obstacles, and nobly soars ;  
 Greatly it dares, and boldly will pursue,  
 Until at length it gains the point in view :  
 Then never droop, for in the end you'll find,  
 That fortune to your merit will prove kind.

TO THE SAME, ON HIS SAYING HE WAS FRIGHTENED  
 AT THE THOUGHTS OF GOING THROUGH LIFE,  
 AND YET WAS TERRIFIED AT THE THOUGHTS OF  
 DEATH.

**W**OU'D you the fears of life or death despise,  
 Your mind you ever must familiarize ;  
 To think on them, then less important, they  
 Insensibly will vanish and decay.



Let this be e'er your thought, that cares may come,  
 But ever be prepar'd to meet your doom :  
 So shall you, 'gainst all ills, your bosom arm,  
 And tho' with cares depress'd they shall not harm.  
 Your soul invulnerable shall remain,  
 Nor care or death shall ever give you pain,  
 These thoughts, my friend, with hope's the only cure,  
 For all the ills poor mortals do endure.

ANSWER TO THE TWO FOLLOWING LINES PINNED IN A  
 CAP OF MINE.

MAY the wit of Apollo and Sappho conjoin'd,  
 Adorn the bright fair for the wearer design'd.

**Y**OU complement well, but I hope that my mind  
 Will ever to virtue and honor be join'd :  
 Then if it please heav'n the other may follow,  
 Viz. Sappho's bright wit, and the fire of Apollo.

PARODY ON THE ROVER FIXED. A SONG.

I.

**L**IKE yonder bee, from flow'r to flow'r,  
 My fickle mind to please ;  
 I rov'd, still changing ev'ry hour,  
 Yet found my heart at ease.

II.

## II.

But when dear Celia by surprize,  
 My roving heart did gain,  
 I drank rich poison from her eyes,  
 Resistance prov'd in vain.

## III.

The dazzling beauties of her mind,  
 She carelessly display'd;  
 To her I all my heart resign'd,  
 And lov'd the charming maid.

## IV.

Transfix'd I stood, the lovely fair  
 A sudden conquest gain'd;  
 Her looks, her words, her voice, her air,  
 My soul in fetters chain'd.

## V.

Teach me, you swains, who love like me,  
 To gain th' exalted fair;  
 Or I must e'er unhappy be,  
 And die in deep despair.

## IMPROMPTU,

ON READING AN EPIGRAM IN THE PAPERS, THE  
 XXII. OF APRIL, MDCCLXX.

*Just heav'n preserve my king, and spare my country.*

**M**AY no domestic strife our peace invade,  
 Or Britain by her sons be e'er betray'd:

Still



Still may she keep her enemies in awe,  
 And give to distant nations peace and law.  
 Long may she reign sole mistress of the waves,  
 And shew the world that Britons wont be slaves;  
 Oh! gracious heav'n, hear thy suppliant's pray'r,  
 Oh! make my king and country still thy care;  
 Oh! may they all their enemies subdue,  
 And may her sons to her prove ever true.  
 Revere your king, with him join heart and hand,  
 Then you alone may all the world command;  
 And force all nations this great truth to own,  
 You ne'er can fall but thro' yourselves alone.

## ON THE DEATH OF A BIRD.

**A**LAS! poor bird, thou shew'st the uncertain  
 state  
 Of mortals, doom'd to unrelenting fate;  
 But yesterday thou took'st thy airy flight,  
 Yet victim fell to death e'er close of night.  
 On ether's wings thy plummy pinions flew,  
 Nor thought to life, so soon to bid the adieu;  
 But in the midst of all airy joy,  
 The fatal tube did all joys destroy.  
 Tho' by the wound thou met'st not instant death,  
 But doom'd some hours in pain to draw thy breath.  
 Just so it is, with frail and mortal man,  
 Whose fate's uncertain, and whose life's a span.

With

With joy he wakes and hails the new-born day,  
Perhaps e'er night becomes to death a prey ;  
Since beauty, eloquence, no one can save,  
But all must yield unto the silent grave ;  
Or, if not by a sudden stroke we're ta'en ;  
We are doom'd to live perhaps whole years in pain :  
Dreadful alternative we undergo,  
Of sudden death, or years of pain and woe.  
My fav'rite friend, this lesson learn of me,  
To keep prepar'd for eternity ;  
So shall you meet your fate, and calmly smile,  
And of his terrors, death himself beguile.

## FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

**I**'M much surpriz'd a man of sense like you,  
Denies to human nature its just due ;  
Know there are some that in all arts excell,  
Of writing, speaking, and of acting well ;  
Who write with energy and solid sense,  
And can converse with greatest eloquence :  
Who nobly dare, nought can true genius bind,  
Or can enfeeble the exalted mind :  
Whose sole ambition greatly is to soar,  
And every art and science to explore ;  
Whose noble souls by emulation fir'd,  
And with each virtue all their thoughts inspir'd.  
Believe me, Sir, there's many I cou'd name,  
Who by their genius are arriv'd to fame ;

That



That by the hand of most indulgent heav'n,  
 Have universal genius to them giv'n.  
 Resolve this question, tell me was not man  
 Form'd on the Maker's most exalted plan?  
 Then think you the great master cou'd design,  
 Him who was modell'd by his hand divine:  
 To be for ever stupid and deprav'd,  
 And be like the dull animal enslav'd?  
 No: fate design'd mankind for greater things,  
 And knowledge from a thousand sources springs;  
 Heav'n gave the pow'r, industry must supply  
 That store of knowledge which can never die.  
 Thus, Sir, to you my sentiments I've told,  
 And hope for this you will not think me bold;  
 Great nature's laws I ever will maintain,  
 When she's despis'd, it ever gives me pain.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A GENTLEMAN WHO WROTE  
 A BITTER SATYR AGAINST WOMEN, AND SENT TO  
 A FRIEND OF MINE.

**M**Y friend informs me, you're a worthy man,  
 But to believe it true, I scarcely can;  
 For I shou'd think, that in his sense, no man,  
 'Cause some are bad, wou'd vilify all women.  
 If from the vicious you've receiv'd a wound,  
 Sure 'mongst the sex some merit may be found.  
 Some virtuous fair, that's form'd by honour true,  
 Who keep their dignity in spite of you:

Know there are some the greatest rakes can awe,  
 And to the boldest of you all give law.  
 When such you find, I hope you'll frankly own  
 The rules of decency you have out-gone :  
 And sure will blush for being so uncivil  
 In giving all our sex unto the devil.  
 If sense you have, I hope for your own sake  
 Henceforth you will some small distinction make  
 'Twixt vice and virtue, and you soon will prove  
 The difference 'twixt vice and virtuous love.  
 If sense directs, and virtue guards the fair,  
 You may depend they're worthy all your care ;  
 They'll ease your cares, and sooth your souls to rest,  
 And you will find yourself supremely blest :  
 But fly the vicious, shun the syren's arms,  
 She'll steal your health by her destructive charms.  
 My council take, and to my words attend,  
 Seriously strive your follies to amend.  
 Farewell, satyric Sir, adieu, adieu,  
 Be good and happy, and each vice subdue ;  
 If so, tho' to me you are quite unknown,  
 My heart a friendship for you e'er shall own.

## THE MARQUIS OF GRANBY'S BIRTH-DAY.

**F**ROM every Briton's breast be far away  
 Each anxious thought upon this joyful day ;  
 For ever bless'd and sacred be the morn,  
 When to Britannia such a son was born ;

L

Whose



Whose honest heart can ev'ry danger brave,  
 Reveres his king, yet scorns to be a slave.  
 Oh may thy breast, by love of glory fir'd,  
 Still keep the path that heav'n has inspir'd:  
 Still may thy gen'rous heart with ardor glow,  
 To crush each hydra that is Britain's foe.  
 Great Albion shall this day forget her care,  
 And for her hero shall a wreath prepare  
 Of never-fading laurel, and shall crown  
 Thy brows with lasting honor and renown.  
 Long may'st thou live, revolving years to see  
 Thy country happy, and her people free:  
 With ev'ry blessing may'st thou still be crown'd,  
 And thy great name to distant realms resound.

## ON HER MAJESTY.

**C**OME ev'ry muse, assist the glorious theme,  
 Let me drink deep of Helicon's clear stream;  
 Above Parnassus' foot I fain wou'd soar,  
 And ev'n its greatest heights I wou'd explore.  
 No common subject does my thoughts employ,  
 But gracious Charlotte, Britain's pride and joy:  
 Her shining virtues 'tis I fain wou'd paint,  
 But much, I fear, the portrait will prove faint:  
 For all the pow'rs of you and me conjoin'd,  
 Can ne'er display the beauties of her mind.  
 Phenix unmatched, the glory of our isle,  
 On me, thy humble slave, propitious smile.

My

My honest praise, great queen, do not disdain,  
But to accept it of me, kindly deign :  
'Tis not thy splendid titles I revere,  
No, 'tis thy virtues that I hold most dear :  
Birth is but fate by gracious heav'n design'd,  
'Tis ours alone to form the noble mind.  
Oh, royal Madam, dar'd I emulate  
A mind like thine, I'd ask no more of fate.  
Oh ! wou'd to heav'n my sex were all like thee,  
Each wedded couple then wou'd happy be :  
Their days be crowned all with mutual love,  
And wou'd resemble most the blest'd above.  
Blest'd with good nature and with solid sense,  
Justice and mercy, mild benevolence :  
Blended with native sweetness of the dove,  
Which from all hearts command respect and love.  
Thrice happy those thy royal smiles may share,  
Were I so blest'd 'twou'd keep me from despair :  
Thy bright example still shou'd be my guide,  
And I shou'd fortune's smiles or frowns deride :  
Thy actions still shou'd e'er my pilot be,  
To guard and guide me thro' life's stormy sea.  
Go on, great queen, a pattern for the world,  
And wherefoe'er Britannia's thunder's hurl'd,  
To the most distant realms and foreign shore,  
Fame shall record thy sacred name all o'er.  
When this great globe shall all in ruins lie,  
Angels well pleas'd, shall waft it to the sky.  
Long may'st thou live, the muse thus bade me sing,  
To guide thy people, and to bless the king :



Who from the weight of empire and its toils,  
 Flies for relief to thy enchanting smiles :  
 In thy sweet converse most supremely blest,  
 Thou sooth'st his cares and lull'st his soul to rest.  
 Oh, gracious God, attend unto my pray'r,  
 Show'r all thy blessings on the royal pair :  
 Oh may no ills arise to damp their joy,  
 Or worldly cares their peace of mind destroy :  
 May discord, foreign and domestic, cease,  
 And all their days be crown'd with joy and peace :  
 Still by their bright example, let them shew  
 They really are thy substitutes below.

ODE, ON READING HIS MAJESTY'S FIRST SPEECH FROM  
 THE THRONE.

I.

**T**O George's name I tune the votive lyre,  
 Join, loyal Britons, chorus in my song,  
 'Tis George's virtues ev'ry breast shou'd fire,  
 A patriot king that ne'er can do no wrong :  
 Huzza, brave Britons, hail your gracious king,  
 With acclamations make the nation ring.

II.

Behold the father of his people comes,  
 Meet him, ye people, and with loud acclaim,  
 In lofty strains with trumpets, fifes, and drums,  
 Your monarch's virtues to the world proclaim :  
 He comes, by justice grac'd, to rid you of your fears,  
 To give you comfort, and to dry your tears.

III.

## III.

Behold in him the delegate of God,  
 Born to rule o'er you with a gentle sway ;  
 Not like those kings who rule with iron rod,  
 And take their subjects liberties away :  
 But George will e'er your liberties maintain,  
 And baffle all the arts of France and Spain.

## CHORUS.

By him protected peace shall ever smile,  
 And heav'n shall favor Britain's happy isle,  
 Plenty again shall bless our fav'rite shore,  
 Domestic discord too shall be no more :  
 Harmonious love shall wave his standard high,  
 While George's name o'er all the world shall fly.  
 Then hail, ye Britons, in loyalty join,  
 Drink a health to your king and the protestant line.  
 Confusion to those who our peace wou'd destroy,  
 And rob our dear country of honour and joy :  
 Then to all foreign nations this truth shall be known,  
 In your hearts George the third hath erected his  
 throne.

## IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING A LADY READ SOME PASSAGES IN  
 SHAKESPEAR.

**O**RPHEUS made things inanimate to move,  
 And by his harmony inspir'd to love :  
 But



But had he heard thee read, he wou'd by choice,  
 Have dropp'd his lyre to listen to thy voice.  
 What tho' his skill in music was divine,  
 To touch the soul, harmonious B—— is thine;  
 O! cou'd great Shakespear from his tomb arise,  
 What admiration mix'd with sweet surprize;  
 His soul must feel to hear thee thus explore,  
 And trace the beauties of his heav'nly lore:  
 With extasy, he to the world wou'd own,  
 That all his thoughts were wrote for thee alone.

## IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE FOLLOWING LINES FROM VIRGIL.

WITH me retire, and leave the pomp of courts,  
 For humble cottages, and rural sports.

**H**APPY for me, cou'd I but thus retire,  
 'Twou'd be the utmost bounds of my desire:  
 In peaceful innocence I'd there remain,  
 Nor ever wish to see the world again.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO TOLD ME HE WISH'D TO KNOW  
 HIS FATE.

**S**HALL man presume to search the book of fate,  
 To know why gracious heav'n did him create?

Vain

Vain man, thy wild and impious search give o'er,  
Blest in the present, wish to know no more.  
Believe that God, which doth our actions scan,  
Will hide futurity from sinful man ;  
And in thy ignorance he doth thee blest,  
For cou'dst thou know the least of thy distress,  
E'er it arrive, 'twould give thee endless pains,  
And cause the blood to shudder in thy veins.  
Vain is all efforts, 'gainst our fate to try,  
Fore-knowing it, we shou'd for ever die ;  
For no one surely can be said to live,  
Who ever trembles for what fate can give.  
With humble hopes erect thy thoughts to heav'n,  
And humbly thank it for the blessings giv'n ;  
Nor ever at his just decrees repine,  
Then ev'ry heart-felt joy will e'er be thine.  
Think for thy crimes, it is thou feel'st the rod,  
And know that suff'ring's blessings are from God ;  
Who scourges thee to make thee fit to die,  
And share with him a long eternity.

AN ALLEGORY IN IMITATION OF THE CHOICE OF  
HERCULES.—TO A FRIEND.

**A**S underneath the foliage of green trees,  
Young Strephon lay, fann'd by the ev'ning  
breeze ;  
Revolving in his mind, what steps to take,  
Whereby he might his follies all forsake.

Fully



Fully resolv'd fair virtue to pursue,  
And ev'ry little foible to subdue ;  
Said he, the lapse from virtue which I've made,  
To which I was by heat of truth betray'd,  
Has made such deep impression on my heart,  
I never more will from her laws depart.  
But ever will her votary remain,  
And from her side will ne'er depart again ;  
Whate'er may her offend, I'll bid adieu,  
When lo, two forms presented to his view.  
Virtue and vice before him stood confess'd,  
The former thus the youthful swain address'd.  
I've seen thy struggles, and will thee sustain,  
I come to cheer thee, and to ease thy pain ;  
If thou hereafter ne'er will deviate more,  
If thou no other goddess will adore ;  
I'll give thee solid and substantial joy,  
Which all the world combin'd, shall ne'er destroy ;  
Attend to me, I'll give thee lasting charms,  
Which spite of fate shall thee secure from harms.  
While thus she spake, the youth with soft surprize,  
Gaz'd on her beauty, while he thus replies ;  
'Tis true, that vice subdu'd my youthful soul,  
But now fair virtue shall each act controul.  
Here vice advanc'd, and with a wanton air,  
She cried, come quit this moralizing fair ;  
Quick from her presence, come with me and haste,  
Where ev'ry mortal pleasure thou shalt taste.  
Despise her precepts and her rigid rules,  
They're only made to fright pedantic fools ;

Virtue

Virtue confounded—from the youth withdraws,  
And vice triumphant o'er her gains her cause.  
But mark how soon the sad reverse of fate,  
He sees his folly, but almost too late;  
For soon on him as vice had gain'd her ends,  
And robb'd him of repose, his health, and friends:  
Exulting o'er him thus, with joy she cry'd,  
Thou fool to yield, know 'tis my greatest pride  
To ruin man, and leave him in my thrall;  
Go fool, again on rigid virtue call.  
So said, away withdrew the wily fair,  
And left her victim envelop'd in care:  
When godlike virtue instantly appears,  
I come, says she, once more to dry thy tears.  
And if thou'lt once more offer at my shrine,  
And promise ever to be wholly mine;  
I will on thee all happiness bestow,  
That mortal can partake of here below:  
Not only this—immortal joys I'll give,  
And thou to all eternity shall live;  
But oh! my dear, my lovely boy, no more  
Be caught again by vice's specious lore;  
For if thou art, no more thou'lt see my face,  
But will be left in sorrow and disgrace;  
Despair and deep remorse thy lot must be,  
And thou'lt be doom'd to endless misery.  
With blushing cheeks, he to the goddess bow'd,  
And to his benefactress thus he vow'd;  
Celestial being, most divinely fair,  
Vouchsafe to take me wholly to thy care:



If I again from thy great rules depart,  
 May bitter anguish ever rive my heart.  
 To painted vice, no more a slave I'll be,  
 But all my days I'll dedicate to thee ;  
 The enchanting goddesses sweetly on him smil'd,  
 Embrac'd the youth, and all his cares beguil'd.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM ON FRIENDSHIP.

**Y**OUR poem, Sir, with pleasure I read o'er,  
 Wherein you friendship's sacred rites explore ;  
 I feel, I feel, each energetic line,  
 Which fills my soul with bliss almost divine :  
 My heart like thine, for friendship was design'd,  
 But fortune to my wishes prov'd unkind.  
 Therefore when others wants to me appears,  
 I've nought to give but sympathetic tears ;  
 Such tears, alas ! as rend my tender heart,  
 'Cause I to them cannot relief impart.  
 Not such my fate, like thee I have a friend,  
 On whose great goodness I can e'er depend ;  
 He snatch'd me from the gulph of deep despair,  
 Restor'd my joy, and makes me still his care.  
 Thou who so sweetly dost attune the lyre,  
 Warm from the heart with more than Attic fire ;  
 Oh ! may'st thou never know what 'tis to lose  
 The friend, who yielded thee such true repose :  
 Redoubl'd tortures then thy heart must feel,  
 But from the laws of fate there's no repeal.

But

But O ! may Jove, if such his gracious will,  
 Keep and preserve thy friend unto thee still.  
 Here, let the muse as usual prophecy,  
 While friendship lives, thy name shall never die.

## ON ENVY.

**B**EHOLD where envy in her horrors dress'd,  
 With snaky hair, squint eyes, and wither'd breast;  
 Her pallid face with rancid venom fill'd;  
 And poison from her baleful mouth distill'd;  
 Gigantic limbs, which harrows up the soul,  
 And does each noble faculty controul:  
 With swift advances see the forcerefs come,  
 From her envenom'd tongue to pass my doom.  
 Great Pallas lend thy humble votress aid,  
 For once vouchsafe to help a much wrong'd maid:  
 Oh ! let thy sev'nfold Eegis intervene,  
 And keep a barrier her and me between;  
 Oh ! turn aside her baleful pois'nous dart,  
 Nor let her thus assail an honest heart.  
 'Tis done, the goddess shews the wond'rous shield;  
 And Pallas reigns sole mistress of the field;  
 She deigns to make her suppliant her care,  
 Bouys up her soul, and keeps her from despair.

## IMPROMPTU,

ON READING SOME LINES IN THE PAPERS.

**H**OLD, impious wretch ! whoe'er thou art,  
 With secret murder lurking in thy heart ;



Cease traitor, cease, thy horrid base design,  
 For know this truth, there is a pow'r divine,  
 That shall preserve my k—g, but dash the slave;  
 That dares to think it, even to the grave.  
 In thy base hopes shalt thou be disappointed,  
 For heav'n shall protect the Lord's anointed.  
 In such a cause, that hand wou'd sure do well,  
 That plung'd thy soul back to its native h—ll;  
 For thoughts like thine must be engend'red there:  
 Tremble thou wretch, and die in deep despair.  
 Better ten thousand such as thou should'st fall,  
 Then him who ought to be belov'd by all.  
 All pow'rful God, preserve my sov'reign lord,  
 Grant him protection, and to him afford  
 All joy and bliss, this transient state can give,  
 In peace and concord may he ever live.  
 Oh! let not civil strife approach his throne,  
 Grant he may reign o'er us by love alone;  
 Let discord cease, and all mankind confess,  
 That George the third was Britons born to bless.

ON PUTTING ON MOURNING FOR THE PRINCESS  
 DOWAGER OF WALES.

**F**OR thee, my king, this mourning I put on,  
 Not for the dead, their cares are past and gone;  
 For when this toilsome dream of life is o'er,  
 They rest in peace, and sorrow wounds no more:

Regard-

Regardless both alike of foe or friend,  
It matters not who censures or commend.  
But thou, a living monument of grief,  
Whose woes hereafter scarce will gain belief:  
'Tis thou alone call'st forth the pitying tear,  
Thou who to ev'ry Briton shou'dst be dear.  
Britons, now is the time your love to shew,  
And by your duty mitigate his woe:  
Think but what tortures rack his royal breast,  
His thoughts distract, and rob his soul of rest.  
Oh ease his suff'rings, shew your filial love,  
By your affection all his griefs remove:  
Let not dissention rob him of his ease,  
But all unite his anxious heart to please.  
Humanity in ev'ry breast shou'd reign:  
But when he grieves, we all shou'd share his pain:  
None but that soul where horrid rancor reigns,  
Smiles at domestic ills, or trifles with its pains:  
Ills that wou'd crush the strongest spirits down,  
And lines with pointed thorns th' imperial crown.  
Be gen'rous then, alleviate his care,  
Sooth all his woes, and shield him from despair.  
Children unborn your actions shall revere,  
And fame shall ever hold your mem'ry dear:  
Who shall your duty hold to future view,  
And ev'ry clime shall give your merit due;  
Each distant nation be compell'd to say,  
'Twas in his subjects hearts George bore the regal  
sway.

A throne



A throne more gorgeous, if belov'd by you,  
 Than if he own'd the mines of rich Peru:  
 More pompous, than with all the jewels dress'd,  
 Which decks the gaudy monarchs of the east:  
 Those are but baubles to allure the slave;  
 But Britons hearts, a people free and brave,  
 Are the most permanent and lasting throne,  
 When govern'd by a prince who rules by love alone.  
 For him each artery they'll bleed, and vein,  
 And face each danger to secure his reign.  
 Shou'd foes dare arm, they'll brave their utmost hate,  
 Death they despise, and nobly meet their fate:  
 Tho' red-hot bullets fly, and canons roar,  
 They'll fight for him they in their hearts adore:  
 For him they all the pow'rs of death defy,  
 For him they'll conquer, or triumphant die.

IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO TOLD ME I WAS CENSURED  
 FOR BEING GAY.

**W**HILE innocence my conscious heart shall  
 guard,  
 Why of amusements shou'd I be debar'd?  
 I love to chat, to laugh, to sing, and play,  
 Beguile old care, and jocund spend the day:  
 Let envious minds their own tormentors be,  
 Their dirty arrows never shall wound me.

Back

Back from the twanging bow shall they rebound,  
And in their hearts alone shall fix the wound :  
While I my little bark secure will steer,  
Nor will I court their smiles, or frowns will fear.

## IMITATION OF A SPEECH IN TIMANTHES.

**T**OO true indeed, we need not covet life,  
Fatal compound of sickness, care and strife :  
Precarious boon, precarious good at best,  
A painted cloud, a vapor, and a jest,  
A gossomour, that soon is lost in air,  
A prey to grief, to anger and despair.  
One moment's happiness we can't insure,  
Nor can Golconda's mines our health procure :  
If thou art virtuous, envy's shafts fly round,  
And will endeavour thy repose to wound ;  
To guard thyself 'twill try thy utmost skill,  
For envious minds are ever pleas'd with ill.  
If vicious, tho' the world may thee revere,  
Thy conscience is a monitor severe :  
What tho' a diadem thy brows adorns,  
Yet conscience will thy bosom wound with thorns.  
If love shou'd once invade thy tender breast,  
Adieu to soft tranquility and rest :  
Ten thousand bitter pangs must thou endure,  
Which nothing else but time or death can cure.  
If honor call thee to the sanguine field,  
And in thy country's cause the sword thou wield :

Thro'



Thro' death must thou pursue fair victory,  
Or on the plain a breathless corse doth lie.  
If lucre tempt thee o'er th' unbounded seas,  
Forsaking soft domestic peace and ease;  
What dreadful horrors must affright thy soul,  
When storms and hurricanes around thee roll?  
When thunders roar, and fatal light'nings fly,  
And death presents him to thy languid eye?  
When human efforts all are found in vain,  
And nothing seen but the tremendous main?  
What agonizing fears must rack thy mind,  
Not for thyself alone, but those thou'lt left behind?  
Thou pray'lt, alas! but no relief can'lt have,  
But soon art swallow'd in a wat'ry grave:  
Dreadful the thought! here let me draw a veil,  
Nor spin to farther length the piteous tale.  
If avarice thy darling passion is,  
Then soon thou'lt bid adieu to real bliss;  
For that alone will ev'ry thought employ,  
Distract thy mind, and banish ev'ry joy.  
Vain fool, thou toil'lt for those who wish thy death,  
And will rejoice o'er thy departing breath.  
Then since in searching ev'ry station round,  
No real happiness is to be found;  
Let virtuous actions all our thoughts employ,  
The only gift the world cannot destroy;  
Wealth, friends and beauty, quickly will decay,  
But godlike virtue will for ever stay:  
'Tis she alone can calm our latest hour,  
And rob ev'n death of his triumphant pow'r:

'Tis

'Tis she must waft us to the realms above,  
Where all is peace and harmony and love.

## PART OF FINGAL, ATTEMPTED IN VERSE.

CLOSE by this mossy fountain, lost in thought,  
I brood my fate, with dire destruction fraught.  
O'er the high hills the whistling winds doth blow,  
And forms a shade that aggravates my woe :  
O'er the low vale is spread an awful gloom,  
Which seem to threaten my impending doom :  
One only tree which serves me for a shade,  
And seems for contemplation only made,  
With hollow murmurs rustles o'er my head :  
With melancholy and deep horror spread,  
The swelling waves roll o'er the heathy ground :  
The lake in whispers gently flows around :  
The deer come skipping down the lofty hill,  
And none to hunt them has the pow'r or will.  
No whistling shepherd can mine eyes espy,  
Tho' 'tis mid-day and Phebus mounts on high ;  
But all is silent as the dreary grave,  
But my sad thoughts, who am to love a slave.  
As I sit solitary here, my dear,  
Blest shou'd I be didst thou, my love, appear.  
Oh cou'd I see thee o'er the wild heath stray,  
And in the winds thy wanton ringlets play ;

N

With



With thy fair bosom swelling to the fight,  
And yet thine eyes with anxious tears bedight,  
For thy lost friends which victims fell to death,  
And for their honor yielded up their breath.  
My love, I soon wou'd comfort to thee give,  
And guide thee to thy father, as I live.  
But soft, my heart, see where she does appear,  
Like beams of light, all that my soul holds dear :  
Bright and as placid as the harvest moon,  
Or sun in summer when it reaches noon.  
She speaks ! alas ! but, ah ! how faint her voice,  
Which once made ev'ry mortal heart rejoice :  
Just as the breeze that rustles thro' the reed,  
'Tis next to silence, and is lost indeed.  
But, hark ! she speaks ! lie still my flutt'ring heart,  
That of her converse I may lose no part.  
[ Choice of my heart, my soul's best dearest friend,  
What guardian God my dearest did defend ?  
Art thou return'd, my love, from wars alarms ?  
Are my friends well, and free from wounds or harms ?  
I heard my best-belov'd that thou wert slain,  
And mourn'd thy loss with agonies and pains. ]  
Yes, faithful fair, I am return'd to thee,  
But none of all my race are left but me :  
Thou never more must them behold again ;  
Their tombs I raised on the grassy plain.  
But wherefore, love, dost wander here alone,  
Beneath this hill and heath with moss o'ergrown ?  
[ Alone am I, my Shilrec, oh ! indeed,  
I heard that for thy country thou didst bleed :

Since

Since all I lost that my fond heart desir'd,  
 With grief for thee thy faithful maid expir'd :  
 Within the wintry house of death I'm laid,  
 And am no more, my Shilrec, than a shade.]

WRITTEN WHEN I WAS EXTREMELY SLEEPY, YET  
 OBLIGED TO ATTEND BUSINESS.

**P**RYTHEE, Morpheus, cease thy teasing,  
 I as yet can't go to sleep ;  
 Sometimes thy embrace is pleasing,  
 But I now must vigils keep :  
 Only grant me one half hour,  
 That my bus'ness I may do,  
 Then I'll yield to thy great pow'r,  
 And with joy will fly to you.  
 But you now are an intruder,  
 Thus my senses to invade ;  
 Nothing sure can well be ruder,  
 You some moments might have stay'd :  
 Boldly like the thoughtless rover,  
 You'd compel me to your arms ;  
 But 'tis the respectful lover,  
 Most the female bosom charms :  
 If you're wise pray keep your distance,  
 Soon my favor you'll obtain :  
 But I find all my resistance  
 'Gainst your pow'r, proves in vain.



Now dull god, you've overcome me,  
 Let me but pull off my cloaths,  
 I yield to whatsoe'er you doom me,  
 Lo, I sink to soft repose.  
 O may God this night befriend me,  
 And protect me thro' this life;  
 May immortal beings 'tend me,  
 And keep me free from care and strife.

EXTEMPORE SONG, ON READING THAT ONE JESUIT  
 HAD WRITTEN TO ANOTHER, THAT THE MINES OF  
 PERU MIGHT BE PUT INTO THE HANDS OF THE  
 ENGLISH. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII. \*

## I.

**W**ELL met, brother Jack, here is brave news  
 indeed,

Honor calls us to arms, let's away;  
 For Britons for honor most freely will bleed,  
 Then let us no longer delay:  
 For the Jesuit writes here's the mines of Peru  
 Laid open to old British tars;  
 Then let us the paths of fair glory pursue,  
 It is brave to be cover'd with scars.

## II.

Then let each brave fellow his mistress forfake,  
 And quick let our sails be unfurl'd;  
 The silver and gold of the Spaniards we'll take,  
 And our feats shall amaze all the world:

We'll

We'll drub them to manners and make them comply,  
We'll shew them the true English game ;  
For Britons will gloriously conquer or die,  
For we fight but for honor and fame.

## III.

We'll bring store of dollars, our lasses shall be.  
As her majesty, bless her, as fine ;  
And when each bold tar has his wench on his knee,  
In silver and jewels they'll shine.  
Then never, dear girls, for us tars shed a tear,  
But be joyful, and merrily sing ;  
For Britons were ever a stranger to fear,  
So we'll toss the can off to the king.

WRITTEN IN THE ABOVE YEAR.

**S**URELY Britannia will not stoop again,  
And humbly sue for peace with haughty Spain ;  
Honor forbids : nay, George's genius cries  
Aloud for vengeance on his enemies.  
Lo, on white Albion's cliffs he boldly stands,  
And summons all his brave and chosen bands,  
To deeds of glory and to victory,  
To acts immortal that can never die :  
For well he knows, that all the world combin'd,  
Can never beat bold Britons when conjoin'd :  
If George commands, they to their cost shall know,  
They'll prove victorious over ev'ry foe.

Most



Most royal prince, the British lion loose,  
 Not one of all thy subjects will refuse  
 To take up arms and spill their dearest blood,  
 For thee and thine, and their dear countries good.  
 No longer then, let haughty Spaniards brave,  
 Who wish to bend all nations and enslave;  
 No: let them know that George the good and just  
 Will e'er be faithful to the sacred trust,  
 That gracious heav'n has giv'n to his hand,  
 And that he loves as well as rules this land.  
 Each hostile foe, that dares to take up arms,  
 And fill the world with terror and alarms;  
 Shall soon to their confusion fully prove,  
 Britons will conquer for the king they love:  
 And if great George to give the word will deign,  
 He'll find he o'er his peoples heart's doth reign;  
 With joy they'll fight to guard his royal crown,  
 And fill his reign with honour and renown.

## IMPROMPTU.

**W**HEN reading Shakespear, how my soul is  
 charm'd,  
 My thoughts inspir'd, and all my senses warm'd?  
 If to my lot, ye gracious pow'rs divine,  
 One blessing's giv'n, O let the lot be mine,  
 Great Shakespear's genius clearly to explore,  
 And catch one ray of his poetic lore;  
 To gain hereafter an immortal name,  
 And fly to heav'n on the wings of fame.

## TO A FRIEND ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

ONCE more, dear Sir, accept the poet's lays,  
Who tho' unequal, fain wou'd sing thy praise ;  
And takes the occasion of the new-born year,  
To greet the friend, my grateful heart holds dear.  
Yes, dearer than the life informing flood,  
Which does that heart sustain with vital blood,  
I hold my dear, my ever honour'd friend,  
And so will do until my life doth end ;  
Long as my pulse with equal measures move,  
So long will I my faithful patron love ;  
Shou'd I arrive at fortune's height of pow'r,  
My honest heart shou'd ne'er forget the hour.  
When friendless I was left and in distress,  
Thou like kind heav'n did'st me protect and bless ;  
Thy friendly smiles did sooth my soul to rest,  
While in their sunshine I was fully blest.  
Oh ! gen'rous friend, how few there are like you,  
Who succor virtue and protect it too ?  
Too few indeed does virtue make their care,  
But sooner urge it on to deep despair.  
If heav'n has some unheard of bliss in store,  
May it on thee, its gentle influence pour ;  
Oh ! may each day, each hour, each minute still,  
Still add new joys, if it is heav'n's will.

Oh !



Oh ! may each rising sun and infant morn,  
 With sweet tranquility thy days adorn ;  
 And may thine enemies, if such can be,  
 Repent the evil they have done to thee.  
 Not but thy soul I know contemns a foe,  
 And oft tho' wrong'd thou favours dost bestow ;  
 Like Jove thou shed'st thy gentle influence,  
 To friends and foes thy blessings doth dispense.  
 But 'tis impossible I shou'd reveal,  
 The grateful sentiments I for thee feel ;  
 All I can do, is ardently to pray,  
 For thy increase of bliss from day to day :  
 That every blessing heav'n may show'r down,  
 Long life, good health, clear fame, and great renown ;

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE FOLLOWING LINES IN GOLDSMITH'S  
 DESERTED VILLAGE.

O BLEST retirement, friend to life's decline,  
 Retreats from care that never must be mine ;  
 How happy he who crowns in shades like these,  
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;  
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !

**H**OW well thy thoughts with mine doth coincide,  
 An humble cot would be my greatest pride ;  
 If

If heav'n to me wou'd grant a rural state,  
Far from the busy world I'd smile at fate :  
In sweet contentment, all my days shou'd glide,  
Exempt from all the pageantry of pride ;  
Near some cool grove my life I'd sweetly spend,  
With books improving, and a faithful friend,  
Whose thought congenial wou'd agree with mine.  
And who wou'd not at humble life repine ;  
And after all the toils of day were o'er,  
Our peaceful cottage we'd with haste explore.  
There in sweet converse all our thoughts disclose,  
Till nature call'd us to our soft repose ;  
Repose, which e'er to grandeur is unknown,  
And for the peaceful cottage shuns the throne.  
And when the morn shou'd chase sleep's fumes away,  
Joyful I'd rise and hail the jocund day ;  
With rapture wou'd my fleecy care unfold,  
And pity the base wretch who pines for gold.

IMPROMPTU,  
TO A FRIEND.

**P**RAY heav'n my friend, that you e'er long may  
find,  
A lovely fair, both sensible and kind,  
Refin'd her sentiments, a noble soul;  
'Tis she your little follies must controul :  
In her engaging converse you will prove,  
Sweets widely different from sensual love.



IMPROMPTU,

TO A FRIEND WHO TOLD ME HE WAS SURPRIZED I WAS  
SO LITTLE MOVED AT CALUMNY.

**T**HE truly great and philosophic mind,  
Will prove invulnerable you shall find ;  
With ills begirt, attended on by care,  
In midst of dangers shall it nobly dare,  
All worldly fallacy it shall despise,  
And persevering spite of envy rise.

GOOD-humour teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests and maintains the past.

POPE.

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THE ABOVE LINES.

**I** OWN good humour teaches charms to last,  
But cannot keep new conquests, or the past,  
For all the sweetness of our sex combin'd,  
Can never fix one long of all mankind :  
For all the sex so fluctuating are,  
They change their minds at sight of each new fair.

IM-

IMPROMPTU,  
TO MY PEN.

**A**DIEU my pen, dull sleep has seiz'd my head,  
I now must leave thee, and must go to bed;  
But tho' I leave thee, don't of me complain,  
To-morrow I will thee embrace again.

## ON PRESENTING A ROSE TO A FRIEND.

**B**EHOLD my friend, this lovely rose,  
Bedeck'd with beauty bright;  
How fragrant smells, how fair it shews?  
And yet 'twill fade e'er night.  
So you, tho' thus divinely fair,  
Must like this rose decay;  
For time that will no mortal spare,  
Will steal that form away.  
Then while thou'rt in thy youthful prime,  
Improve thy heav'nly mind;  
Then shalt thou meet the shocks of time,  
Unmov'd, and quite resigned.  
When age and wrinkles hasten on,  
Thou wilt not at them sigh;  
Thy mind will then be fix'd upon,  
Those charms that ne'er can die.



## IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THAT ALL THE GENTLEMEN WERE TAKEN  
ILL THE DAY AFTER VIEWING THE TRANSIT OF  
VENUS.

*Omnia vincit amor.*

**P**RESUMPTUOUS man, how cou'd you think  
to trace,  
Or view unhurt bright Venus' lovely face?  
Cupid for this has play'd you all a trick,  
And for your bold presumption made you sick.  
For to you all let this great truth be known,  
That tho' she's view'd by all she's made for one:  
Know, against love philosophy is vain,  
Nor is it all can Venus' favor gain.

## A RIDDLE.

**I** AM a friend to all mankind,  
And all assist, except the blind;  
I help the lover to explore  
Th' inmost heart of her he doth adore.  
Without my aid learning wou'd die,  
And sense wou'd in oblivion lie:  
For whatsoever is the thought,  
Howe'er with erudition fraught,

Without

Without my aid 'twou'd all be lost,  
And ev'ry thought sublime be cross'd.  
I've said enough to tell you what I be,  
Take me and make the most of me.

## IMPROMPTU,

## ON READING PRIOR'S SOLOMON.

**I**F royal Solomon, that was possess'd  
Of beauty, and with matchless wisdom bless'd;  
After he every earthly joy had try'd,  
Found care from pleasure he cou'd ne'er divide.  
Surely no happiness is under heav'n,  
If to the royal preacher 'twas not giv'n;  
Who every art and science did explore,  
To find the goddess all mankind adore.  
Vain was his search, the phantom still did fly,  
Eludes his hopes, and all prov'd vanity:  
His prophesy indeed did prove too true,  
For tho' her paths we anxiously pursue,  
We still find care attendant on her train,  
And all our joys have an alloy of pain.  
If virtue, truth, and honor, guard our souls,  
Here care in form of malice still controuls:  
Superior merit e'er must envied be,  
Nor from the stings of malice can be free:  
The vicious ever on the virtuous frown,  
And try all arts to pull the fabric down.



## SERIOUS THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

FROM the first moment that we draw our breath,  
Or learn to think, our minds shou'd be on death;  
As 'tis the only thing of which we're sure,  
Amidst the many evils we endure.  
Doubt what we will, we are convinc'd of this,  
That he must end our griefs as well as blifs.  
Daily we see our species glide away,  
As a memento we've not long to stay.  
To fatal truth we ev'ry one must die,  
None here can taste of immortality:  
We shrink with horror from the tyrant's face,  
Nor know how fast he's stalking on apace:  
Vain are our thoughts, upheld by dear self-love,  
To think from us the foe we can remove:  
Vainly we think that he doth from us haste,  
Perhaps the moment that our doom is past.  
He by his direful presence lowers all,  
And brings upon a level great and small:  
No matter if he did a sceptre wield,  
Or with industrious toil did till the field;  
Whene'er he wills the fatal blow to strike,  
The king and peasant are to him alike.  
Our pray'rs and tears to him are all in vain,  
Nor will he yield us back one friend again.  
Ye haughty mortals, curb your tow'ring pride,  
Learn your inferiors never to deride;

For

For know, upon equality you're born,  
And so must be when you to dust return :  
One way the prince and beggar hath his birth,  
One way reduces both to parent earth.  
You who have fortune taste the present hour,  
Enjoy your lives while yet 'tis in your pow'r :  
Like my dear friend, alleviate distress,  
Each tongue shall praise you, and each heart shall bless,  
Your names like grateful incense shall arise,  
And leaving earth, perfume the starry skies.  
Be wise in time, enjoy your present state,  
This hour is your's, the next the hand of fate  
May all your fortunes and your joys destroy,  
And teach you that this world is but a tinsel toy.

## ON READING SOLYMAN AND ALMENA.

**H**OW beautiful is virtue here display'd !  
In Solyman and his exalted maid.  
We by the moral of this tale are shewn,  
That virtue is true happiness alone :  
For after ev'ry toil and danger's past,  
Guided by her we reach the goal at last.  
No danger can the virtuous mind affright,  
Calmly we live, because we know we're right.  
By her example learn, ye lovely fair,  
Under misfortunes never to despair :  
From Solyman this useful lesson prove,  
That friendship is the basis of true love ;

For



For if it is not with that passion join'd,  
 Believe me, you no happiness will find :  
 But if connected, will on you bestow,  
 Each joy that mortals can possess below.

IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO RAILED AGAINST THE LADIES,  
 PARTICULARLY THE MARRIED ONES.

**C**EASE, Damon, cease unmanly railings,  
 Our sex, as well as yours, have got their failings.  
 Remember this, that none from faults are free,  
 Then henceforth let the sexes both agree :  
 In numbers you will sense and merit find,  
 Sure as you live, if you'll but use us kind.  
 Pray, Sir, who told you that all women scold,  
 Or after marriage wou'd not be controul'd ?  
 Recall those words, if you're a man of sense,  
 'Tis ungenteel the ladies to incense :  
 In ev'ry rule there's always an exception,  
 Some women are I am sure above deception.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A FRIEND.

**B**LESS'D and auspicious be this happy day,  
 From I—gr—fs plains be sorrow far away ;  
 Let art and nature all their powers join,  
 Let ev'ry eye with brighter lustre shine,

To

To bless the happy day, whereon was born  
 The man, who ev'ry station can adorn:  
 Polite his manners, free and unconfin'd  
 Are all the dictates of his noble mind.  
 Hail him, ye choristers, along the grove,  
 Attune your throats to harmony and love:  
 Let nature all her gayest liv'ries wear,  
 To please the eye and captivate the ear.  
 This day let wretches doom'd to care and grief,  
 Feel joy, and from their sorrows find relief;  
 Ev'n my poor heart this day from care shall cease,  
 And all my mind be harmony and peace,  
 To greet with joy unfeign'd the man design'd  
 The universal friend of all mankind.

EXALTED Socrates, divinely brave,  
 Injur'd he fell, and dying he forgave;  
 Too noble for revenge, which still we find  
 The weakest frailty of a feeble mind.

DRYDEN.

**T**HIS true that noble minds seeks no revenge,  
 Great in themselves, they ne'er will wrongs  
 avenge;  
 But nobly ev'ry injury will forgive,  
 Nor of their peace wou'd even foes deprive:  
 With resignation bear the taunt severe,  
 Collected in themselves they nothing fear:

P

As



As well assur'd that virtue still will rise,  
 Howe'er the ignorant may it despise.  
 If honor guides, and virtue lays the plan,  
 However malice may their actions scan:  
 Yet if with conscious innocence they're arm'd,  
 By envy's darts they never can be harm'd:  
 For tho' the shafts may for a moment wound,  
 Back on the flingers they'll again rebound:  
 While placid virtue gently makes its way,  
 And maugre spite increases day by day.  
 'Tis this that constitutes the good and great;  
 'Tis this that makes us brave the frowns of fate;  
 'Tis this that guards us 'gainst all kinds of ill,  
 And thro' the cares of life preserves us still.  
 By this sustain'd, with humble faith in heav'n,  
 We've all the joys to us that can be giv'n.  
 Let this one truth imprinted be on all,  
 That God will ne'er permit the just to fall.

MAHOMET AND IRENE, AN EASTERN TALE.

IMITATED IN VERSE.

**M**AHOMET, emp'ror of the eastern world,  
 When on his foes he had destruction hurl'd;  
 A lovely captive fell unto his share,  
 Irene, beauteous as the Houries are,  
 Amidst the slaughter prisoner was ta'en,  
 And doom'd to bondage, all her friends being slain.

In

In pride of beauty, aged seventeen,  
Angelic features, and a noble mien :  
Her jetty hair in wanton ringlets flow'd,  
Her cheeks the blushes of the roses shew'd :  
The lovely lustre of her speakling eyes,  
Fill'd each beholder's heart with soft surprize.  
Mahomet saw, and lov'd the beauteous maid,  
And for her love his heart a ransom paid :  
Three years they liv'd in joy and happiness,  
While all their thoughts each other was to bless :  
Each day transported he her charms ran o'er,  
The more he knew, the more he did adore.  
She held the conquest o'er him she had gain'd,  
Beauty and sense the monarch's heart enchain'd.  
His empire lay neglected, all complain,  
And wish the emperor wou'd break his chain.  
His people all unjustly were abus'd  
By those in pow'r, and oft his name abus'd :  
Under the sanction of a proud bashaw,  
Whose will was fate, and whose command was law,  
Each subject sorely by him was oppress'd,  
The nation ruin'd, ev'ry one distress'd :  
All wish'd the monarch wou'd himself resume,  
And punish those vile slaves, who dar'd presume  
To govern them with such imperious sway ;  
Yet none dar'd speak, till Mustapha, one day,  
Happen'd to find the emperor alone ;  
He thus address'd him in a manly tone :  
Great Sir, be not offended with thy slave,  
I come to caution thee thy life to save :



Thy subjects are from their allegiance gone,  
Mark well my words, or else thou art undone:  
As they no longer own thee for their lord,  
They will revolt from thee with one accord.  
Thy people ruin'd by oppression are,  
Quite desp'rate grown, and frantic with despair:  
For those in whom thou'lt put thy royal trust,  
Have traitors prov'd to thee, and most unjust.  
Thou'lt lost thy people's hearts, who did thee prize,  
The meanest of them doth thee now despise.  
Thy government's dissolv'd, all orders lost,  
As thou too soon wilt find it to thy cost:  
Ev'n now thy crown doth totter on thy head,  
And all for thy oppression with thee dead.  
My royal master, say, what canst thou mean?  
Better that fatal syren thou'dst ne'er seen:  
Then from thyself thus to degenerate,  
Thou stand'st upon the very verge of fate;  
A precipice, which doth thy soul affright,  
And which will crush thee falling from its height.  
Resume thyself and banish her thy arms,  
And ne'er again behold her fatal charms:  
Unless thou mean'st a sacrifice to be  
To such a wanton baby-thing as she.  
Fix'd in astonishment, Mahomet stands,  
Love and revenge his heart by turns commands;  
His honor's wounded, all his soul's on fire,  
Thus on Mustapha he let's fall his ire:  
Vile slave, dar'st think that I am fallen so low,  
To bear controul from such a wretch as thou?

How

How dar'st thou speak such things unto my face?  
Know'st thou this moment I can thee disgrace?  
Or quicker way to end the inglorious strife,  
This instant I can thee deprive of life?  
Wretch that thou art, I'll dash thee to the ground,  
And make thy carcase one continued wound.  
Mustapha bow'd, not in the least dismay'd,  
Think not, my lord, I'am of your threats afraid:  
No, my good lord, your will on me be done,  
But ne'er will I the fatal truths disown:  
Behold, my lord, I lay my bosom bare,  
Now plunge your dagger, rid me of my care:  
Now strike the blow, much happier far for me,  
Than see my country doom'd to misery.  
Amaz'd the emp'ror views his loyal friend,  
Arise, said he, thy master's words attend:  
My friend, I've ever found thee true and just,  
And one in whom I might confide and trust.  
Therefore this instant I do pardon you,  
And you shall see what Mahomet can do:  
To-morrow let each officer of state,  
In all their splendor, on our court await;  
See that my orders fully are obey'd,  
And thou for it shalt amply be repaid.  
Mustapha order'd as he did command,  
He enters with Irene in his hand:  
The courtiers bow, and kiss the emp'ror's feet,  
Which being o'er he sternly them doth greet:  
Masters, behold, view well this beauteous fair,  
Ought I to love her? pray, the truth declare:

Think



Think you there's any one within this place,  
But wou'd be captivated by her face?  
Or cou'd resist the beauties of her mind,  
Where all that can adorn the fair's conjoin'd?  
If so, resolve me, can the fault be mine,  
To feel the force of all these charms divine?  
To which they answer'd, and as with one voice,  
Declar'd he cou'd not make a better choice;  
For shou'd he search the globe's capacious round,  
None like the fair Irene cou'd be found.  
Well, says the emperor, since you approve,  
I will convince you, tho' this fair I love  
More than my soul, temptations ne'er so strong,  
Shall ever make your emperor do wrong,  
Or ought unworthy of his family:  
Therefore my heart's best joy I doom to die.  
Then looking fiercely on them, thus he cries,  
Behold for you the lovely charmer dies.  
Immediately his sabre forth he drew,  
And in an instant fair Irene flew:  
Then turning short, behold the lovely maid,  
Which for your ease a sacrifice I've made.  
Now mark my words, and learn this truth of me,  
I'll ever master of my passions be.  
Whate'er you think, you'll find my steady soul  
Nought but my country's love shall e'er controul:  
Convinc'd at length, I'll force you all to own,  
Mahomet lives but for yourselves alone.

EXTEMPORE, TO A GENTLEMAN WHO SAID WOMEN  
COULD NEITHER SAY OR DO ANY THING THAT WAS  
GOOD.

**I**F nothing good we say,  
Or nothing good we do,  
How comes it then, I pray,  
We model such fine things as you?  
For this I will maintain,  
And hope it is no treason,  
You'd savages remain,  
Did we not teach you reason.

GOLD alone does passion move,  
Gold monopolizes love.

ANACREON.

IMITATED.

**G**OLD does e'er destructive prove,  
Gold cuts the gentle bands of love.

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO TOLD ME MANKIND OUGHT  
TO BE GOVERNED BY INSTINCT ALONE.

**I**F instinct is to govern all mankind,  
Why was man bless'd with an exalted mind?  
Or



Or why was sense sublime unto him giv'n?  
 Or why acknowledg'd masterpiece of heav'n?  
 Why was philosophy, that heav'n-born maid,  
 Bestow'd on mortals to assist and aid;  
 If not from head-strong passions them to guard,  
 And 'gainst foul vice each envious blow to ward?  
 If instinct governs, it must be confess'd,  
 That lordly man is little less than beast:  
 Reason's bestow'd our passions to controul,  
 Besides we're bless'd with an immortal soul,  
 That must hereafter either stand or fall,  
 And live in lasting bliss, or pay for all.  
 For, ah! too true that spark of heav'nly fire  
 Must e'er survive, and never can expire:  
 Tho' libertines may strive to palliate,  
 There's no resisting the decrees of fate.

THOUGHTS ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

**A**MAZING structure! nobly great the plan  
 On which the great Creator formed man.  
 Stupendous fabric, where throughout the whole,  
 Each lends assistance, free from all controul.  
 How nicely form'd the veins and arteries,  
 Some scarce discerned by the naked eyes?  
 Yet thro' those parts the little globules flows  
 Of blood, which does our vital heat compose:  
 If one of those obstruction meets alone,  
 The human system oft is overthrown.

How

How curiously the muscles all are plac'd?  
How finely by the hand of nature trac'd?  
When we behold the texture of each line,  
We must adore the architect divine.  
Perhaps the fever raging in our veins,  
With ev'ry ill, and all the raging pains,  
That mortals suffer in this earthly sphere;  
Which our poor bodies does in atoms tear,  
Are caus'd by some vein or nerve minute,  
Where nature and the malady dispute;  
Contending for the mast'ry of the field,  
But doubtful which shall to the other yield.  
For me 'tis equal in the great debate,  
Which way it will, I yield myself to fate;  
If life is giv'n, to God I'll thankful be;  
If death, I'm pleas'd, 'tis all the same to me.  
Prepar'd to live, or meet grim death am I,  
In lively hopes of immortality.  
The bones how nobly set and nicely join'd?  
Strength, use, and beauty, all in them conjoin'd.  
How delicate the texture of the brain,  
Where human knowledge doth triumphant reign?  
The heart how well contrived to convey,  
The blood which us sustain from day to day?  
The lungs thro' which we draw the ambient air,  
Are form'd on principles beyond compare;  
Each particle, on each, so nice depend,  
If any's hurt, nature of course must end.  
Unthinking mortals, enmity give o'er,  
Each other love, your God in peace adore;

Q

Prepare



Prepare yourselves for realms of lasting bliss,  
 Know you are mortal, and rely on this.  
 That one short moment here you may not live,  
 Therefore be humble, and each foe forgive ;  
 So shall you boldly meet death's pointed dart,  
 And clasp the welcome cordial to your heart ;  
 That sets you free from misery and pain,  
 Wafts you on high, with angels to remain.

## THE ROVER, A SONG.

## I.

**G**AY Strephon roves like any bee,  
 Like him he's light as air ;  
 Like him his heart's untouch'd and free,  
 Tho' toys with ev'ry fair.

## II.

Yet Damon while you fly around,  
 And play about the fire ;  
 Phaeton like, you'll feel the wound,  
 And in a flame expire.

## III.

The fabled chariot of the sun,  
 Which poets say he drove ;  
 Believe me friend, when all is done,  
 Was nothing else but love,

## IV.

## IV.

The fiery horses emblems are,  
 Of passions wild and blind;  
 The slack'ned reins of deep despair,  
 Which rack the lover's mind.

## V.

For passions like wild horses fly,  
 Unless you hold the reins;  
 They'll you deprive of ev'ry joy,  
 And fill your soul with pains.

## VI.

Then fix at once on some fair maid,  
 Where wit and beauty's join'd;  
 Her truly love, be not afraid,  
 On her to fix your mind.

## VII.

To flow'ry paths she will you lead,  
 Where virtue dwells divine;  
 With her life's paths you'll safely tread,  
 And ne'er at what you've done repine.

ODE ADDRESSED TO THE SLEEPING GENIUS OF GREAT  
 BRITAIN.—WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXII.

## I.

**L**O, where Britain's genius sleeping,  
 On a couch supinely lies,  
 French and Spaniards vigils keeping;  
 Raise their standards to the skies,  
 Britons for shame, let yours too be unfurl'd,  
 Arouse to glory and amaze the world.

Q 2

II.



## II.

Hark, thou'rt called quick, arise,  
Nor thus indolently sleep,  
Awake to glorious victories;  
And with thy bulwarks spread the deep.  
Let honor lead thee forth to fight the foe,  
That George is king, let every nation know.

## III.

Fame and honor both await,  
To new conquests thee to lead;  
At the great command of fate,  
Thou in all things shalt succeed,  
Thousands and thousands shall by thee be slain,  
And captives mourn in thy triumphant chain.

## IV.

Rouse thee from thy ease inglorious,  
Nor thus in dissipation lie,  
Thou shalt ever prove victorious;  
And thy fame shall never die:  
Nations shall yield to thee, and own thy sway,  
'Tis thine to conquer, theirs to obey.

## V.

Let your great forefathers warm ye,  
By their godlike acts in arms,  
'Tis not France, or Spain can harm ye,  
By their blust'ring or their arms:  
Britannia ever shall triumphant be,  
And reign sole empress both by land and sea.

## VI.

## VI.

Let all civil discord cease,  
Join together heart and hand;  
Soon you'll bring the foe to peace,  
If join'd you may the world command:  
Britons united, each proud foe shall find,  
They'll victors be 'gainst all their force conjoin'd.

## VII.

But when you victorious are,  
Shew the world you're brave and free,  
Make your captives still your care;  
Let contending nations see,  
That Britons are generous as brave,  
And fight to conquer, but not to enslave.

## VIII.

The souls of those who glory won,  
Shall you accompany in fight;  
Their guardian angels lead you on,  
Well pleas'd with the glorious fight:  
Haste then, Britons, glory calls,  
Destroy their fleets and mount their walls.

## ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP.

**M**Y vows I daily make at friendship's shrine,  
Give wealth to fools, be sacred friendship  
mine;

Yes, charming maid, thy footsteps I'll pursue,  
Until I bid this transient world adieu.

Bless'd



Bless'd with thy smiles, thro' life serenely steer,  
 With sweet content, and nothing have to fear;  
 Thou giv'st me happiness without alloy,  
 And tranquil peace which envy can't destroy:  
 On thy soft bosom, am I lull'd to rest,  
 With thy dear presence, am supremely blest.

IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO SHEWED ME SOME VERSES ON  
 A LADY, AND SAID THEY WAS ONLY THE EFFECTS  
 OF A DREAM.

I.

**W**HILE you love's pleasing pains do sing,  
 And say 'tis but a dream;  
 Indeed my friend, 'tis no such thing,  
 For real love's your theme.

II.

Your heart I read in ev'ry line,  
 Your passion see most clear;  
 And hope your Nelly so divine,  
 Will never prove severe.

III.

But will reciprocally love,  
 A heart that is so true;  
 And hope she will a blessing prove,  
 And constant be to you.

IV.

## IV.

If I my wish of heav'n may gain,  
May'st thou know ev'ry joy;  
May neither sickness, grief, or pain,  
Thy happiness destroy.

## V.

But may the charming fair one give,  
Her hand and heart to thee;  
And may you ever with her live,  
In sweet tranquility.

## VI.

Still may your mutual love increase,  
And stronger grow each day;  
May all be transport, joy and peace,  
Thou gently rule, and she obey.

*N. B.* My opinion you ask'd, you have it here,  
Believe me friend, I ever am sincere.

## S P R I N G.

**B**EHOLD sweet spring in radiant beauties dress'd,  
With mantle green and variegated vest;  
Lo! where the goddess born on zephyrs wings,  
Who with her magic renovates all things.  
Hark, the sweet choristers from spray to spray,  
Melodious chaunt, and hail the happy day;  
With joy and love their little hearts elate,  
With raptures fly to single out a mate.

When



When spring approaches with her jocund train,  
Of laughing loves, and wantons o'er the plain ;  
The wint'ry blasts before the goddess flies,  
And must give place to clear azure skies.  
All nature now in beauteous pomp appears,  
And every trace of winter disappears ;  
The hills and dales were late immerg'd in snow,  
Are cover'd now with tints of diff'rent glow.  
Of num'rous flow'rs which healthful odours yields,  
While verdant green adorns the fruitful fields ;  
Pomona too an earnest gives, that she  
The golden apple will present to thee.  
May no rude blight the tender bloom destroy,  
To disappoint thee, or to lash thy joy.  
The rustic now with joy the change beholds,  
And hastes at dawn to cheer his fleecy folds.  
The healthy milk-maid too with nimble speed,  
To milk her cows, trips o'er the verdant mead ;  
Home by her side, her trusty lover bears,  
The limpid charge, and softly sooths her ears ;  
With tales of constancy and ardent love,  
And tries each art the modest nymph to move.  
While she with simp'ring smiles and downcast eye,  
Will not accept his suit, or can deny ;  
Till the clown swears he's honest and sincere,  
And vows from him she nothing has to fear :  
At length convinced, she his love returns,  
And like the swain with equal ardor burns.

REVENGE.

## ORIGINAL POEMS.

### REVENGE.

**O**F all our crimes, revenge is sure the worst,  
And they who harbour it are most accurs'd ;  
Fiend like it is, in any to destroy  
Another's peace, or dash their heart-felt joy.  
Still be my heart a stranger to revenge,  
And let just heav'n my enemies avenge ;  
How can those hearts that harbours but a thought,  
Of dire revenge, look up to heav'n for ought ?  
How dare they offer up their daily pray'rs,  
To great Jehovah to relieve their cares ?  
Or grant them blessings, while with dev'lish art,  
They're planting daggers in another's heart ?  
If heav'n peculiar vengeance e'er design'd,  
'Tis 'gainst this plague and poison of mankind.

### IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO TOLD ME HONOR WAS A  
PHANTOM.

**L**IFE without honor is an empty shew,  
And dooms the heart to everlasting woe ;  
I hope that heaven will me protect and guard,  
And teach me ev'ry fatal blow to ward :  
That shall against my honor be design'd,  
And ever keep me in the present mind ;

R

What?



Whate'er's my fate, I hope I shall retain  
My principles, or I have strove in vain.

IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED ME WHAT I MOST  
WISHED FOR.

**O**F all the gifts that heav'n doth dispense,  
I ask but one, and that is solid sense;  
Of that possess'd, each other wish I have  
That mortals in this transient world can crave.

IMITATION OF SOME LINES IN VIRGIL'S TRAVESTY.

**Y**ET shalt thou ne'er have thy desire,  
Thy heart shall ever burn like fire:  
Soon as I am a wand'ring ghost,  
Which in few days will be at most;  
I from sweet slumbers will awake thee,  
And slave to thy own fears will make thee;  
Thee I'll pursue both day and night,  
And shou'dst thou e'er attempt to write;  
I'll ready stand with burning taper,  
Confuse thy thoughts, and burn the paper;  
Thou shalt repent the time that e'er,  
Thou left'st poor Dido in despair.

## IMITATION OF CARMEN PASTORAL.

**M**ORE than watermen to jaw,  
More than bear to suck his paw,  
More than Charletan to caper,  
More than Spaniard does to vapor,  
More than Scotchman does to scratch,  
More than beggar does to patch,  
More than Turks alcoran love,  
More than woodpecker the grove,  
More than parrots do to chatter,  
More than ducklins love the water,  
More than nightingales to sing,  
More than lambkins does the spring,  
More than fishes does to swim,  
More than Nancy does a whim,  
More than fowler loves his gun,  
More than witlings does to pun,  
More than boys at taw to play,  
More than clowns a holiday,  
More than Kentish-men loves cricket,  
More than porter does his wicket,  
More than ladies does guittar,  
More than cocks does love to spar;  
More than players to rehearse,  
More than poets to write verse,  
More than milk-maid does her pail,  
More than seamen does to fail,



More than children does love fruit,  
 More than sergeant does recruit,  
 More than butterflies the spray,  
 More than lion does his prey,  
 More than eagles loves the light,  
 More than glow-worm does the night,  
 More than bats their leathern wings,  
 More than snipes the bubbling springs,  
 More than partridge loves ants eggs,  
 More than greyhound does his legs,  
 More than pen can well indite,  
 More than mortal e'er can write,  
 More than all I've said before,  
 You I love and must adore,

TO THE AUTHOR OF G——K'S LETTER VERSIFIED. \*

**C**EASE, scribbler, cease, nor shew thy envious  
 spirit,  
 For G——k's sense thou never can'st inherit:  
 And know, in spite of such dull pens as thine,  
 He with unrivall'd lustre still will shine,  
 As when bright sol unfolds the beams of day,  
 The lesser planet must of course give way.  
 So G——k shall unmatch'd in genius stand,  
 At once the pride and glory of this land:  
 His happy talents ne'er can be forgot,  
 Whilst thine, like thee, must in oblivion rot:

At

At length convinc'd, ev'n envy's self shall own,  
 Great Shakespear's soul shone forth in him alone.  
 His task it was his beauties to explore,  
 And trace the springs of his poetic lore :  
 G——k did justice, unto merit due,  
 And brought his hidden treasures forth to view ;  
 Lopp'd his luxuriances, his thoughts refin'd,  
 And held him up a mirror to mankind ;  
 Where ev'ry mortal may his features scan,  
 And view each passion that's innate in man.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED ME WHAT FRIENDSHIP  
 WAS.

**F**RRIENDSHIP's the noblest passion of the mind,  
 A balm for all the ills that plague mankind ;  
 Friendship sincere can banish ev'ry care,  
 Revives the heart, and keeps it from despair :  
 Ever assiduous to supply each want,  
 And favors to distressed merit grant :  
 To guard o'er virtue with a watchful eye,  
 And if distressed to its succour fly :  
 E'er ready to defend another's fame,  
 And draw a veil o'er erring mortal's shame.  
 This, this is friendship, and I'll fully prove  
 This is the most exalted kind of love :  
 Thus heav'n-born friendship I've portray'd to you,  
 And hope with me you'll own the picture true.



## IMPROMPTU,

ON VIEWING THE TRANSIT OF MARS IN THE YEAR  
MDCCLXVI. ON AN EXTREAM FINE NIGHT.

**H**OW grand and awful is this pleasing sight!  
Which fills my soul with wonder and delight?  
Greatly magnificent thy works appear  
To us, thy creatures, that are planted here.  
Oh! great Jehovah, King and Lord of all,  
Whose mighty pow'r sustains this earthly ball;  
Who gives the planets each their proper place,  
Nor can they either swerve from time or place.  
Almighty architect, how great thy plan!  
Above the thought of poor and simple man?  
Who taught the stars in different spheres to roll,  
That each the other never might controul:  
Least sudden ruin shou'd around be hurl'd,  
And into atoms crush th' astonish'd world.

## PART OF A GREENLAND ODE, IMITATED IN VERSE.

**A**S beauteous as the vernal willow-tree,  
My fair Anningait thou appear'st to me:  
Thy breath the fragrance of the thyme exceeds,  
That decks the mountains and the flow'ry meads:  
White as the teeth of morse thy fingers are,  
Thy smiling softness is beyond compare.

The

The ice when thaw'd gives not such joy to me,  
As but one moment thy soft smiles to see.  
Where'er thou go'st I will pursue thee still,  
Be it in rocks or caves, o'er dale or hill :  
Or shou'dst thou choose large tracts of snow to trace,  
Thee I'll attend, and help thee in the chase ;  
And will protect thee from each monster's claws,  
And from the cannibal's tremendous jaws.  
If the Rocks Genius \* on thee cast an eye,  
To thy relief immediately I'll fly,  
And from his lewd embraces will I tear  
My lovely Anningait, divinely fair:  
If dread Hafgufa † e'er shou'd dare invade,  
Or Armorac †, I'd snatch my dearest maid :  
From his fell claws no dangers wou'd I fear,  
But from his arms wou'd thee in triumph bear :  
If any one shou'd strive to separate  
My love and I, oh ! may it be his fate,  
When in his kindred earth he is laid low,  
He may be buried without his bow ;  
And when he's landed in the world of souls,  
His scull may be converted into bowls :  
Then fix'd beneath the starry lamps on high,  
To catch the oil falls from the radiant sky.

\* Rocks Genius, an evil genius, supposed to inhabit the rocks.

† Hafgufa and Armorac, demons, supposed to arise out of the waters to do mischief, and forewarn them of death.



## ANNINGAIT.

MAY thy dear hands prove stronger than the bear,  
 And thy feet swifter than the bounding deer :  
 Still may thy dart be ever aim'd aright,  
 That nothing from thee may escape by flight.  
 Believe, my love, the truth to thee I speak,  
 I wish thy boat may never spring a leak :  
 And that thy wary footsteps ne'er may slide  
 On ice, but heav'n be still thy guard and guide.  
 Oh mayst thou bouyant on the waters be,  
 And never faint upon the stormy sea :  
 Whene'er with skill thou dartest the harpoon,  
 May the seal rush to his destruction soon :  
 And soon as e'er the whale shall feel her wound,  
 Oh may she lash in vain the waves around :  
 May all thou undertak'st propitious prove,  
 And each good spirit guard my faithful love.

## AJUT'S COMPLAINT WHEN ABSENT FROM ANNINGAIT.

**W**HY Anningait, did'st thou obdurate prove,  
 And not accompany thy faithful love ?  
 What have I done ? my heart no joy can feel,  
 For thine, most cruel fair, is hard as steel.  
 Oh ! how shall I this tedious absence bear,  
 Depriv'd the sight of all my heart holds dear.  
 Time to beguile till I to thee return,  
 For which my heart incessantly doth burn :

For

For thee I've made a beauteous fishing coat,  
Likewise a pretty little fishing boat :  
A tent I have provided too for thee,  
And hope e'er long my lovely maid to see.

AJUT STAYS LONGER HUNTING AND FISHING THAN  
HE IMAGINED HE SHOULD, WHICH IS THE OCCA-  
SION OF THE FOLLOWING.

**H**OW frail and wretched is the life of man !  
We ne'er are happy, strive whate'er we can :  
The ice, which on the mighty waters roll,  
And juggle 'gainst each other, shoal by shoal ;  
While in its pride it seems to tow'r on high,  
A few warm sunbeams darted from the sky,  
Destroys its texture, spoils its dazzling shew,  
While the waves countermines its base below.  
Like life it is but a deceitful toy,  
A real evil, unsubstantial joy :  
Like northern lights upon our senses plays,  
Which does our eye-sight dazzle with their blaze :  
Which while we view with pleasure and delight,  
Withdraw and leave us envelop'd in night.  
Love, like a dang'rous whirlpool us surround,  
And they who tempt the stream are surely drown'd :  
It lures us on, no danger we espy,  
Nor see the peril till we are too nigh :  
By slow degrees it draws us gently on,  
Nor do we feel the wound till we're undone ;

S

Til



Till all resistance we can make is vain,  
To 'scape the snare, or free us from love's pain.  
Ajut, why didst thou fondly fix thine eyes  
On her, or lose thy heart by such surprize?  
Or why for her the banquet didst prepare,  
Thy peace to lose, and be involv'd in care?  
Before she to the fatal banquet came,  
Ajut stood foremost in the lists of fame;  
The sleeping morse not happier was than me,  
But now relentless fair, I die for thee.  
Why did I gaze on thy bewitching face,  
That is adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace?  
Yet if thou wilt be faithful to thy love,  
And of my honest passion but approve,  
When I return, and meet me with a smile,  
And virgin blush, 'twill all my cares beguile:  
For thee with joy I'll chace the fleeting deer,  
Nor will I frost, or snow, or darkness fear;  
But e'er unwearied as the summer's sun,  
At thy command with rapt'rous haste will run.  
A few weeks more, my love, then shall I come,  
And wealth and plenty with me shall bring home:  
Thy kindred all on luxuries shall feed,  
The roe-fish and the porpoise too shall bleed,  
The skins of fox and hare shall grace thy bed,  
And fur of seals from cold protect thy head;  
With fat of whales thy lamps shall be supply'd,  
And all my care shall be to please my bride.

## EXTEMPORE PRAYER IN ILLNESS.

**O**H Lord! which doth in heav'n reign,  
Vouchsafe to hear my pray'r;  
Protect me still, and ever deign  
To make me e'er thy care.  
Do thou still shield me from all harm,  
And ev'ry kind of ill,  
My bitter enemies disarm,  
If 'tis thy holy will.  
O Lord, my soul to thee I raise,  
From earth to heav'n on high;  
Thy holy name each day I'll praise,  
To all eternity.  
My gracious God, while I deserve,  
Oh keep me from all evil,  
And thy poor servant e'er preserve  
From machinations of the devil.  
If I this day resign my breath,  
O waft my soul on high;  
Triumphantly I'll meet with death,  
And praising thee will die.  
Confirm'd by faith, by hope sustain'd,  
To thee my soul resign,  
By death my heart cannot be pain'd,  
If aided by thy pow'r divine.



IMPROMPTU,

ON A GENTLEMAN'S PRESENTING ME WITH SOME  
PRIMROSES THE VI. OF FEBRUARY, MDCCLXIX. \*

**W**ELCOME daughter of the spring,  
Pretty little modest thing;  
Emblem thou of virgin pride,  
E'er with falshood it is dy'd :  
Spotless as the blushing maid,  
E'er by man's arts she's betray'd ;  
On my bosom I'll thee place,  
That soft mansion thou shalt grace :  
Next my heart I'll place thee near,  
That when thy beauties disappear,  
I on thee will cast an eye,  
And thou shalt teach me how to die.  
A lesson be that beauty wastes,  
And on time's wings quickly hastes ;  
That I like thee, when life is fled,  
Must lie forgotten with the dead,

FAREWELL TO THE HOUSE WHICH I LOST MY DEAR  
FATHER AND BROTHER IN.

**I**LL-fated house ! my leave I take of thee,  
For thou a fatal house has prov'd to me :

Within

Within thy walls my happiness I lost,  
My joys all blasted, and my wishes cross'd.  
To happiness I bid a long farewell,  
My griefs are more than mortal tongue can tell.  
Remember man possess'd of ev'ry joy,  
One moment can thy greatest bliss destroy.  
When at the height this lesson learn to know,  
He that exalts can bring thee down as low.

## A SERIOUS THOUGHT ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

**O**H my great God, if mortals are thy care,  
Unto my sufferings lend a gracious ear;  
With pity turn thine eyes to me below,  
And teach me how my griefs to undergo?  
Guard and sustain me in this dreadful hour,  
Protect and shield me by thy mighty pow'r:  
Watch me and keep me from all kind of ill,  
Be thou my guide and my director still:  
Be thou to me a father and a friend,  
Thee I'll adore until my life doth end.

## IMPROMPTU,

## ON READING POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

**I**MMORTAL bard, by gracious heav'n design'd  
To mend our morals, and improve the mind;  
Who



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Who



Who in this work hath laid the noble plan,  
 To form the great, the good, and perfect man?  
 Oh! cou'd my humble muse but once aspire  
 To catch one spark of thy poetic fire;  
 I'd neither wish for wealth or to be great,  
 With that content I'd smile at fickle fate.

IMPROMPTU,

WRITTEN IN A FLOWER-GARDEN.

**O**H wond'rous nature, what a great display  
 Of beauties thou discloseth day by day?  
 Say, by what pow'r thou dost from pregnant earth  
 Give to such vegetables life and birth?  
 Can such amazing produce all be thine?  
 No, they are formed by a hand divine;  
 Whose mystic works with rapture I explore,  
 With reverence blended, and my God adore.  
 Who can believe, that hath but common sense,  
 That God himself doth not these joys dispense?  
 Ye atheists shudder, and believe the hand  
 That hath air, earth, and sea, at his command,  
 Can in an instant make you know your God,  
 And crush you into atoms with a nod.  
 As the loud thunders dash the reptile race,  
 So shall you be before his awful face.  
 But, ah! alas! it nothing is to die,  
 You'll be cast out to all eternity.

Therefore

Threfore in time repent and be forgiv'n,  
And fhare with angels all the joys of heav'n.

EPITAPH DESIGNED FOR A CHILD.

**R**EADER, behold, but do not fhed a tear,  
The earthly part of innocence lies hear;  
A fpotlefs babe cut off in earlieft bloom,  
And hurried from the cradle to the tomb.  
E'er ſhe the bitter pill of life had ta'en,  
E'er ſhe was fenſible of grief or pain;  
Juſt heav'n in pity ſnatch'd her from this life,  
Which is at beſt but trouble, care, and ſtrife.  
He gave the word, when quick an angel flies,  
And on his pinions bears her to the ſkies;  
A little cherubim ſhe there appears,  
And an immortal crown of glory wears.

IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED ME WHAT VIRTUE  
WAS.

**V**IRTUE is what all mortals ought to prize,  
None honor can enjoy that her deſpiſe:  
Wou'd you attain a great and laſting name,  
Virtue muſt lead you to immortal fame;  
Therefore, my friend, this leſſon learn of me,  
Virtue alone is true tranquility.



## ON GENERAL WOLFE. \*

**E**TERNAL honor shall embalm each name,  
That Wolfe consigns to everlasting fame ;  
Their names with his shall still be handed down,  
And wreaths of glory shall their temples crown.  
Long as this transient world its form shall hold,  
So long shall his immortal deeds be told ;  
Who with the ardent love of glory fir'd,  
In Britain's cause triumphantly expir'd.  
With innate courage pregnant in his soul,  
His love of glory nothing cou'd controul ;  
With Roman ardour he pursu'd the foe,  
Until the fatal bullet struck the blow.  
That his undaunted heart asunder riv'd,  
And in an instant him of life depriv'd ;  
Wounded he falls, and as he falls he cries,  
Behold, my lads, the foe before you flies.  
Ne'er faint, my hearts, courageously pursue,  
And you will certainly them all subdue ;  
Haste to the charge, pursue fair victory,  
Assist me not, this moment I must die.  
I can no more, lo ! here I yield my breath,  
Like Britons fight, revenge your gen'ral's death :  
This said, his breath he yielded on the plain ;  
But his atchievements ever shall remain :  
In future times, his courage shall inspire,  
Each Briton's breast with emulative fire.

To

To fight and conquer in Britannia's cause,  
 Support her king and guard her sacred laws;  
 From all who dare her with impunity,  
 And shew the world they're always brave and free.  
 What tho' we've many gallant heroes lost,  
 Each haughty foe shall find it to their cost,  
 While they're conjoin'd, they'll force them all to own,  
 That Britons ne'er can fall but by themselves alone?  
 They shall convince all empires, states, and kings,  
 That British valor like the hydra springs;  
 One head lopp'd off, unnumb'red shall arise,  
 Which by their warlike feats, shall all the world sur-  
 prize.  
 To those who fall, such honors shall be paid,  
 As here you see to Wolfe's illustrious shade.

## A DIVINE ODE BY A. W.

## I.

**A**NGELS and seraphs guide my lays,  
 While I attempt the Godhead's praise;  
 Who form'd this vast immensity,  
 Whose pow'r's to all eternity,  
 Whose watchful eye doth ever guard,  
 Who virtuous actions will reward:  
 Oh! pardon me, while I attempt to sing,  
 The praise of thee, my God and king.

## T

## II.



## II.

Thou who thro' life hast me sustain'd,  
And eas'd my heart when it was pain'd ;  
Who dost protect me from all ill,  
And evermore art watchful still,  
To keep thy servant from all harms,  
And shield'ft her in thy fost'ring arms :  
Oh ! pardon me, while I attempt to sing,  
The praise of thee, my God and king.

## III.

All things were form'd at thy command,  
All blessings cometh from thy hand ;  
To thee great God, to thee we owe,  
Each joy and blessing here below ;  
To thee we owe our life and breath,  
By thee sustain'd, we smile at death :  
Oh ! pardon me, while I attempt to sing,  
The praise of thee, my God and king.

## IV.

'Thou who dost all our actions scan,  
Who form'd that wondrous creature man ;  
Stupendous fabric, work divine,  
Where each to form the whole combine:  
What nice connexions from the whole,  
To which thou'ft given an immortal soul ?  
Oh ! pardon me, while I attempt to sing,  
The praise of thee, my God and king.

## V.

The more thy wonders I survey,  
The more I love and will obey,

Thy

Thy holy precepts which shall give,  
Me joy and comfort while I live.  
Thee I'll adore, and sing thy praise,  
Till unto thee, my soul I raise :  
Oh ! pardon me, while I attempt to sing,  
The praise of thee, my God and king.

## VI.

Oh ! gracious God, still me protect,  
And let me nothing e'er neglect ;  
That can prepare me for that joy,  
Which nothing mortal can destroy.  
Oh ! teach me Lord thy laws to know,  
And grant me happiness below :  
Oh ! pardon me, while I attempt to sing,  
The praise of thee, my God and king.

## VII.

When I from this vain world remove,  
To share of joys with thee above ;  
May death no terrors have for me,  
But may my thoughts be wrapt in thee :  
Let angels waft me to the skies,  
To offer up to thee on high ;  
Then to eternity I'll sing,  
The praise of thee, my God and king.

June 4th, 1771.



## A DIVINE ODE, BY A. W. AN IMITATION.

## I.

**A**WAKE, all nature join with me,  
To sing your Maker's praise;  
All hail his great divinity,  
For he deserves our lays.

## II.

And thou bright sun which dost illume,  
This transient world below;  
With me the heav'nly theme resume,  
Tribute on him bestow.

## III.

And thou pale moon that lights the globe,  
When Phœbus is no more;  
And night has spread her sable robe,  
With me great Jove adore.

## IV.

Ye brilliant stars that gild the night,  
In symphony too join;  
To him who's ever just and right,  
And evermore divine.

## V.

Ye mountains high and vallies low,  
All sing with one accord;  
Due homage to your Maker shew,  
And hail your gracious Lord.

## VI.

## VI.

Ye playful lambkins, sporting round,  
Ye herds that crop the grass ;  
Your benefactor's praise resound,  
Who form'd this mighty mass.

## VII.

Ye silent fishes of the flood,  
Lift up your eyes to heav'n ;  
And thank Jehovah for the food,  
That's daily to you giv'n.

## VIII.

Ye stately trees that deck the grove,  
And rear your tops on high ;  
With silent praise your Maker love,  
Revere the deity.

## IX.

Ye little warblers while ye sing,  
And fly from spray to spray ;  
Melodious greet your gracious king,  
And hail the jocund day.

## X.

Ye mighty seas that dreadful roll,  
Join in the gen'ral song ;  
To him who can your waves controul,  
All praises doth belong.

## XI.

But chiefly thou great master-piece,  
Form'd by his plaistic hand ;  
Oh ! man thy duty ne'er shou'd cease,  
But still obey his great command.

## XII.



## XII.

For as he form'd thee from the dust,  
To dust must thou return ;  
Then while you're here be good and just,  
There's no returning from the bourn.

## XIII.

When once the fatal barrier past,  
No more you here can come ;  
But live in joys that ever last,  
Or share a dreadful doom.

## XIV.

Then while on this short stage you stay,  
Oh ! ever make it your care ;  
Your Maker's laws be sure obey,  
To him prefer your daily pray'r,

## XV.

That he will grant you store of grace,  
His gracious will to know ;  
Then without fear you'll see his face,  
And joys eternal know.

## XVI.

When death shall lift his pointed dart,  
Which summons you from here ;  
And gives the blow that rives the heart,  
With joy you will appear,

## XVII.

Before your heav'nly Maker's throne,  
While angels requiems sing ;  
And you enrol amongst their own,  
Before th' almighty king.

## XVIII.

## XVIII.

There happy in those blest abodes,  
 Thou evermore shall dwell;  
 With angels and with demi gods,  
 Nor fear the power of hell.

## ADDRESS TO ENVY.

**W**HY baleful envy wilt thou thus pursue,  
 One who ne'er had the least regard for you?  
 You know I ne'er attended on your court,  
 Where good and bad alike are made the sport.  
 Certain you are, I've all your arts contemn'd,  
 Your malice smil'd at, and your rage condemn'd;  
 Then since I'll not a votress be to thee,  
 From thy impoison'd arrows set me free;  
 Let me in peace remain whilst here I live,  
 'Tis all I ask or all that thou can't give.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED ME WHAT WOMEN  
 WERE GOOD FOR.

**W**HY, women if they please may always plan,  
 Whate'er is great or glorious in man;  
 By them inspir'd each noble act they dare,  
 Be it in arts, in science, or in war;  
 By them encourag'd, they will greatly soar,  
 As far as human knowledge can explore,  
 And now I've told you what the fair can do,  
 If you're not partial, you will own it true.



## AN EXTEMPORE EJACULATION.

**O**H! gracious heav'n, hear my ardent pray'r,  
 Protect, and guard, and make me still thy care,  
 Preserve me thro' this life from ev'ry ill,  
 From malice, envy, strife, oh! guard me still;  
 Let not the wicked o'er me e'er prevail,  
 Nor with their poison'd arrows me assail:  
 Grant it, oh Lord! I may still humble be,  
 And even love my greatest enemy.  
 Oh! ne'er let rancour reach my faithful breast,  
 Let mercy meek be e'er in me confess'd;  
 Let me, while on this mortal stage I live,  
 As heretofore mine enemies forgive;  
 Oh God! thou know'st I seek not for revenge,  
 Nor never did in cruel wrongs avenge;  
 Still keep my heart as spotless as the dove,  
 And where I meet with hate, oh! let me love;  
 So shall my soul a fit oblation be,  
 When I shall quit this world to dwell with thee.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN, WHO SAID HE BLUSHED FOR THE  
 FAULTS HE SAW IN OTHERS.

**Y**OU say you blush when others faults you see,  
 Then deign these easy rules to learn from me;  
 Avoid

Avoid the faults you see in other men,  
And if you're guilty be not so again :  
If once you conscious are of any fault,  
Commit it not again, not e'en in thought :  
Let rectitude of heart thy actions guide,  
And truth and honor be thy greatest pride ;  
Let not dissimulation taint thy heart,  
Nor from fair virtue's precepts e'er depart :  
Let all thy actions stand the nicest test,  
Then shall it be by all the world confess'd,  
That thou art just, and form'd on honor's plan,  
'Tis this that constitutes the godlike man ;  
'Tis this that makes the good and just rever'd,  
With ardor lov'd, and yet with rev'rence fear'd :  
Such conduct gives a man ten thousand charms,  
Creates esteem, and rage itself disarms.

## INVOCATION TO DEATH.

**O**H death, thou grand reliever of our care !  
For once vouchsafe to hear a mortal's pray'r :  
In gentle slumbers softly me surprize,  
While guardian angels close my dying eyes :  
Let not thy horrid pangs assail my heart,  
But let me in tranquility depart.  
As I have ever strove all in my pow'r,  
Others to serve ; O let my dying hour  
Be peaceful ; let me gently sink to rest ;  
Let not thy terrors rend my tender breast :

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But let me calmly seek the bless'd abodes,  
To live with angels and with demi-gods :  
Yet if it is ordain'd by heav'n that I,  
In bitter agonies and pangs must die,  
May I be patient, and revere the rod  
That scourges me, and reverence my God.

ON READING A FINE REMARK ON MALICE.

**A** Fine remark, alas ! too true,  
I by experience find,  
There's nothing malice can subdue,  
It poisons human kind.  
Where'er superior merit reigns,  
The infernal goddess flies ;  
With baleful rancor spares no pains  
To fill the world with lies :  
But all her arts shall fruitless be,  
Superior virtue still  
Moves on with conscious dignity,  
And fears no kind of ill :  
For tho' awhile she may distress,  
And arrows at her glance,  
She soon shall all her rage suppress,  
When once she does advance.  
With truth and justice by her side,  
Who will the maid sustain ?  
She will her efforts still deride,  
And back retort the pain.

TO THE KING, ON HEARING HE HAD BEEN PERSUADED  
NOT TO TRUST HIMSELF AMONGST HIS SUBJECTS.

**M**Y royal master, do not lend an ear  
To those who'd fill thy noble soul with fear;  
Who tell thee, 'tis not safe thyself to trust  
Amongst thy subjects, surely are unjust:  
Not friends to thee, nor to thy int'rest true;  
Thy people all revere and honor you:  
They know the native goodness of thy heart,  
And from their monarch never will depart.  
Fearless go forth, my dear, my sov'reign lord,  
You'll find your people all with one accord,  
To thee aloud will lö peans sing,  
And prostrate worship their anointed king.  
Thy presence, like the sun, shall chase away  
All discontent, and drive each cloud astray,  
That does obscure Britannia's milder day.  
Peruse our annals, where we oft are told,  
Our kings in secret travelled of old.  
By this they learn'd their subjects griefs and fears,  
For truth can never reach the royal ears:  
While flatterers, the bane of all mankind,  
For their own safety kings keep deaf and blind.  
Thy country visit, free her from all pain,  
And from thy own conviction learn to reign.  
See Prussia's monarch, glory of the world,  
Who has destruction o'er his proud foes hurl'd:



He in his people's hearts doth solely reign,  
 And to converse the meanest slave will deign.  
 By this his faults and virtues he has known,  
 And to himself, himself is fully shewn.  
 Mark the result, the greatest he of kings,  
 For every royal virtue in him springs.

AN EXTEMPORE INVOCATION TO THE GODDESS OF  
 HEALTH, AFTER I HAD BEEN GATHERING SALU-  
 TARY HERBS.

**H**YGEA, who dispenseth health  
 To mortals here below ;  
 Thy aid I wish for more than wealth,  
 Or titles can bestow.  
 Thy precepts gladly I embrace,  
 With rapture listen to thy lore ;  
 For thee each hill and dale I trace,  
 And ev'ry hedge explore.  
 Immortal goddess, grant thy aid  
 Unto thy votary ;  
 Of illness I'll ne'er be afraid,  
 If thou thy secrets wilt teach me.  
 Divinest fair one, teach me how  
 Thy myst'ries to unfold ;  
 And lo ! to thee I'll make this vow,  
 To prize thee more than gold.

Thy

Thy gentle influence charms mankind,  
That baleful metal kills,  
'Tis mortal poison to the mind,  
The source of ev'ry ill.  
Then grant me in an humble state,  
Thy virtues but to know,  
Then I'll serenely smile at fate,  
And all the poignant ills below:  
For while of thee I am possess'd,  
Let fortune frown or smile,  
Thy aid shall sooth my soul to rest,  
And spite of malice care beguile.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED ME HOW I SPENT MY  
EVENINGS WITHOUT PLAYING CARDS.

**T**HE bus'ness of the day being fully o'er,  
I fly from care to the poetic lore:  
Those nymphs divine still sooth my soul to rest,  
Calm all my thoughts, and make me ever bless'd:  
If griefs depress, or friends shou'd prove unkind,  
In their sweet smiles I e'er relief can find;  
While this employment gives me real joys,  
You lose your wealth by those destructive toys.



## A WISH.

**W**HILE others pine for wealth or state,  
This happy fate be mine,  
Some humble cottage be my fate,  
I'll all the rest resign.  
Contented with a country life,  
From care and envy free,  
Exempt from flatt'ry, wiles, or strife,  
How happy shou'd I be ?  
Content all day my flocks I'd feed,  
In innocence and ease;  
And at night-fall across the mead,  
I'd walk myself to please.  
Soon as my ev'ning walk was o'er,  
I'd to my cot repair,  
Where I my Maker wou'd adore,  
And banish ev'ry care.  
With this, and converse with a friend,  
Shou'd I be amply blest'd,  
Who wou'd to me assistance lend,  
And lull my soul to rest.  
Some noble authors too I'd choose,  
'Cause they exalt the mind,  
And ever prove of greatest use,  
To polish and improve mankind.

If

If heav'n wou'd grant me fuch a lot,  
I'd bid the world farewell ;  
And wou'd retire by all forgot,  
But where, there's none shou'd tell ;  
Save only few, whose noble hearts  
By sympathy enchain'd  
To mine, who free from guile or arts,  
Have stedfast yet remain'd :  
Whose hearts by gen'rous virtue fir'd,  
Nor passions can controul,  
And by good-nature e'er inspir'd,  
They're inmost in my soul.

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO PRESENTED ME WITH A  
CURIOUS FLOWER, ATTENDED WITH A SINGULAR  
COMPLEMENT.

**Y**OU say, my friend, this flow'r you give to me,  
Because 'tis like myself, a rarity ;  
I thank you for your genteel complement,  
But you must pardon me if I dissent :  
Superior talents fall not to my share,  
And to attain them, I, alas! despair.  
Now let's examine well this lovely flow'r,  
And trace the wonders of the almighty pow'r.  
See here by nature's pencil full display'd,  
The matchless tints of beauteous light and shade :  
With strokes so nice, beyond the pow'r of art,  
Or greatest masters skill e'er to impart.

Lo



Lo what rich lustre does it now adorn?  
 Yet will it fade and perish e'er the morn:  
 Behold as it doth on my bosom lie,  
 It pines, and sickens, and its beauties die:  
 Already see its boasted pride is o'er,  
 No pow'r its sweets or lustre can restore;  
 And as it droops, this lesson doth convey,  
 That I like it but flourish for a day.  
 E'er long, my friend, 'twill be the same with me,  
 Consign'd unto oblivion I must be;  
 Each friendly act that I have done forgot,  
 And like this flow'r frail must lie and rot.

## ON SEEING ZARA.

**I**LL-fated jealousy! thou fiend of hell,  
 How dar'st thou in a noble bosom dwell?  
 Thy whips and scorpions never shou'd controul  
 The soft emotions of the gen'rous soul.  
 Take up thy lodging in th' ignoble breast,  
 The fittest residence for such a guest:  
 But, oh! for pity spare the good and brave,  
 Nor dare to make th' exalted mind thy slave.  
 Zara, I feel thy love, thy griefs and fears,  
 At thy distress mine eyes o'erflow with tears:  
 For noble Osman too I feel in part,  
 The sad distress that rends his manly heart.  
 Ye lordly sex, from hence a lesson learn,  
 And strive our sex's merit to discern:

From

From those we love our hearts can never swerve,  
Then shew the kindness to us we deserve :  
A gen'rous heart is won by being kind,  
There's no enslaving of the noble mind.  
The female heart was made for love alone,  
'Tis there the little god erects his throne ;  
If you indulgently upon us smile,  
We'll sooth your griefs, and ev'ry care beguile ;  
On you we ev'ry blessing will bestow  
That heav'n grants to mortals here below :  
Love and obedience both together blend,  
The humble consort, and the faithful friend.  
Ye lawless libertines, who vainly rove  
Thro' all the mazes of unlawful love ;  
This be assur'd, you'll find a virtuous wife  
The greatest bliss that can be in this life ;  
She'll guide you gently thro' life's thorny ways,  
And extricate you quite from folly's maze ;  
And will conduct you to immortal bliss,  
In the next world, when you retire from this :  
With prudence choose, let sense and virtue guide  
The fair you take, she'll prove your joy and pride ;  
But if a fool you take for sake of gold,  
Adieu to happiness, your joys are sold ;  
But where congenial minds together join,  
The marriage state is then almost divine.



TO A GENTLEMAN WHO TOLD ME MY MUSE MUST  
NEVER SLEEP, AND WHO ADVISED ME TO WRITE  
SATYR. \*

**Y**OU say, dear Sir, my muse must never sleep,  
Be well assur'd she shall due vigils keep;  
E'er watchful be, and will transmit each name  
That merits it, to everlasting fame:  
Each noble act she shall with joy relate,  
Equal of those who love, or those who hate;  
Nor shall she ever dip her pen in gall,  
But point out merit where it's due to all:  
Their faults for her may in oblivion lie,  
For who are free from faults beneath the sky?  
Much she suspects where satyr points the dart,  
There's secret venom lurking in the heart:  
To nobler themes she tunes her humble lyre,  
For heav'n-born friendship does her muse inspire;  
And gratefully each favor will record  
Of those who did their kindly aid afford,  
To her, when she was left in deep distress;  
For whom she'll ever pray to heav'n to bless,  
And to preserve them from all kinds of ill,  
While she most humbly will attend them still;  
And to the world will faithfully rehearse  
Their godlike names in never-dying verse.  
Such is my muse, which ever shall attend  
To sing the virtues of each gen'rous friend.

## EXTEMPORE PRAYER.

O Most omnipotent, while here I live,  
Virtue and honor to me deign to give;  
Keep me, O keep me in thy paths secure,  
Whatever ills of fate I may endure:  
Ne'er from thy holy precepts let me swerve,  
Under thy fost'ring wing me e'er preserve.  
Protect and keep me in the way that's right,  
And let me e'er find favor in thy sight;  
Then when this blust'ring scene of life shall close,  
May my soul vanish in a soft repose.  
Oh! let me yield my breath without a sigh,  
And angels waft me to eternity,  
To bliss ineffable for evermore,  
Bless'd in thy presence I did e'er adore.

## EPITAPH DESIGNED FOR A BROTHER.

THINK, gentle reader, whether great or small,  
That this e'er long must be the fate of all:  
Look on this silent tomb, and here you'll see  
That life's a fleeting shade and vanity.  
Let not the tongue of scandal here prevail,  
But o'er his youthful follies draw a veil:  
Remember this when you his actions scan,  
That he like you was but a mortal man;



And that from imperfections none are free,  
And as you see him now you soon will be.

## ON READING OVID'S PROPHECY.

**Y**ES, tuneful Ovid, true thou hast foretold,  
Thy sweetly pleasing themes shall ne'er grow old;  
Long as the sun the hemisphere shall light,  
Thou shalt be read with wonder and delight;  
Tho' of thy body there's no trace behind,  
We've all the beauties of thy fruitful mind;  
And tho' thy ashes in oblivion lie,  
Thy fame remains to all eternity.  
Cou'd I like thee in tuneful numbers flow,  
I'd ask no greater blessing here below:  
Such pleasing truths thou hast with fiction mixt,  
That our attention on thee must be fix'd;  
When we thy charming soothing lines read o'er,  
We must regret that thou hast left no more.  
Apollo, grant me but to strike the lyre  
Like him, before I from this world retire;  
No other boon I ask, let this be giv'n,  
I ask but sense, all else I leave to heav'n.  
Minerva hear, thy humble votress prays,  
That thou woud'st condescend to grace her lays;  
Then shall her lasting fame be fix'd as fate,  
Maugre destruction, envy, malice, hate:  
Her name like incense shall to heav'n arise,  
And be to Jove a grateful sacrifice.

## IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED ME WHAT OPINION  
I HAD FORMED OF HIM.

**W**HEN sea is earth, and earth is sea;  
When men from fallacy are free;  
When fire is water, water fire;  
And misers gold do not desire;  
When love from man's true and sincere,  
And women nothing have to fear;  
When light is darkness, darkness light,  
And malice shall forget her spite;  
When all is right and nothing wrong,  
I'll solve that riddle called ———

## VIRTUE.

**P**OSSESS'D of virtue thou shalt soar on high,  
And blend with angels to eternity;  
Thy soul shall range thro' all the realms above,  
And share with spirits everlasting love.

## INVOCATION TO FORTITUDE.

**C**OME fortitude, thou dear celestial maid,  
And grant once more to me thy friendly aid;

Come



Come, heav'nly fair, thy kind assistance lend,  
As heretofore, now shew thyself my friend ;  
O teach me how to ward this fatal blow !  
Thy kindly influence on me bestow,  
But for thy aid, I long e'er this had been  
Laid in my tomb, unthought of and unseen ;  
Once more thy friendly presence I implore,  
Assist me now, thy name I'll e'er adore ;  
Thy sacred precepts still to me impart,  
And ease the struggles of my labouring heart ;  
Do thou still foster me and raise my soul  
Above the pow'r of malice to controul ;  
Oh ! teach me still to love, and to forgive  
Those who would me of happiness deprive ;  
But if thy gracious aid thou wilt not deign,  
Comfort adieu, and welcome grief and pain !  
For goddess know, without the help of thee,  
Nothing but death from care can set me free,  
With heav'n's decrees yet will I acquiesce,  
Whether I happy am, or in distress ;  
But why, all gracious heav'n, must fate decree  
Such complicated ills to hapless me ?  
Thy holy name I've ever lov'd and fear'd,  
Thy laws have kept, thy Godhead have rever'd !  
O Lord supreme ! here let my suff'rings end,  
Be thou my guide, my guardian, and my friend,  
But, if too much to crave this humble boon,  
Then not my will but thine, my God, be done.

## LOVE, AN ALLEGORY.

SAY, mighty love, thou tyrant of mankind,  
That binds in cruel chains the human mind;  
Oh! tell me, whence thou dost derive thy source?  
Why to thy shrine thy victims drag by force?  
The human mind in all things else is free;  
How comes it then it is enslav'd by thee?  
Say, cruel Cupid, how can'st thou enslave  
The wise, the virtuous, the good, and brave?  
Thus I enrag'd unto the urchin said,  
Who soon appear'd, and this reply he made:  
Know, foolish nymph, mankind must bow to me;  
Almighty love was sent by heav'n's decree,  
To be the lasting bond that binds you all,  
For this my pleasing fetters doth enthrall  
The gentle pains that my soft pow'r imparts,  
Connects and binds together all your hearts:  
I for my pains do amply make amends,  
I give you honor and increase your friends:  
'Tis me alone true friendship can bestow,  
And give you taste of heav'n whilst below:  
In Hymen's bands the lasting knot I tie,  
And give you joys that may with angels vie.  
Then cease, rash maid, and thy complaint give o'er,  
Lest I shou'd force thee likewise to adore:  
Know, thou art mortal, therefore soon mayst prove  
My mighty pow'r, and feel the force of love,

In



In virtuous hearts I deepest fix the wound,  
 True love is ne'er amongst the vicious found :  
 Th' embellish'd mind most strongly feels my chains,  
 My soft confusions and my pleasing pains :  
 Then cease thy rancor, nor with me dare wage,  
 Lest I this moment make thee feel my rage.  
 Trembling all o'er I made him this reply,  
 Resistless Cupid, heav'nly deity,  
 Pardon my error, thou'lt convinc'd me now,  
 That ev'ry mortal at thy shrine must bow :  
 For 'tis as fix'd as the decree of fate,  
 Our hearts we must exchange, or soon, or late :  
 Well pleas'd, the god his plummy pinions tries,  
 Smil'd gracious, and resumes his native skies.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

**F**AREWELL, sweet babe, thy pain and toils are  
 o'er,  
 Thou sleep'st in peace, and cannot feel no more :  
 Just heav'n, who looks into the book of fate,  
 Snatch'd thee from trouble, envy, grief, and hate ;  
 From num'rous ills which mortals doth attend,  
 And which no mortal foresight can defend.  
 Thrice happy babe, I envy not thy bliss,  
 Yet gladly wou'd exchange thy state for this.  
 Distracted life I'm doom'd to undergo,  
 And struggle thro' while I remain below :  
 Whilst thou in everlasting bliss doth rest,  
 And in thy Maker's smiles supremely blest :

Amidst

Amidst the seraphs dost thou sweetly sing  
Sweet hallelujahs to thy God and king.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLXX, ON THE RUMOR  
OF A WAR.—ADDRESSED TO ALL PARTIES.

**N**OW, Britons, is the only time to shew  
That you are to your king and country true:  
Now with your king unite both heart and hand,  
Repel the foe, and guard your happy land:  
Whate'er you do, let civil discord cease,  
Vanquish the foe, but keep internal peace;  
For while you loyal to your sov'reign prove,  
And live harmoniously in peace and love;  
The world combin'd can never do you harm,  
Your friendship 'gainst it proves a latent charm:  
For this your enemies shall ever know,  
England alone can be to England foe.  
But if amongst yourselves you blow the flames,  
Each foreign foe will start up with their claims;  
Each petty prince will join them one and all,  
And strive our godlike nation to enthrall.  
Boldly unite, the sword of justice draw,  
And shew you still to nations can give law:  
Fear not, convince them that the free and brave  
Can e'er be victors o'er the shackled slave;  
Let but the king and people but unite,  
Not dire Bellona with her horrid spite,

Y

Can





Yet this no want of memory implies,  
Than want of sight to those who have their eyes,  
Shou'd be accounted blind, because that they  
Can't look against the sun in open day.  
This truth I own, I never yet indeed  
E'er met with one remember'd all they read.  
Then find me one, my friend, and if you can  
I'll own the Phenix, be't woman or man.

## A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

**T**HOU' virtue, when distressed, finds no friend,  
It still shall rise superior in the end;  
If not on earth, this happiness is giv'n,  
Yet 'twill enjoy immortal bliss in heav'n.

## THE NOBLE MIND.

**T**HE noble mind no dangers can appall,  
It smiles at fate, and calmly meets them all;  
And if it ever is by chance dismay'd,  
It summons fortitude to lend her aid:  
By her sustain'd it fears no kind of ill,  
But greatly dares, and reigns triumphant still.



## FRIENDSHIP.

**F**RRIENDSHIP, again to thee I tune the lyre,  
Inform my muse with more than mortal fire ;  
To me thy sacred energy impart,  
To sing the feelings of a grateful heart :  
Hence ev'ry other passion from my breast,  
Let it by friendship solely be possess'd.  
Friendship on earth, thou greatest, truest bliss  
In heav'n, perfect source of joy in this :  
Terrestrial and imperfect state,  
Our cares to sooth, just heav'n did thee create,  
To thee, O goddess, heav'nly fair divine,  
Daily I offer incense on thy shrine ;  
Tread the soft paths of thy divine abodes,  
And taste the joys of angels and of gods.  
O pow'r divine, I feel thy influence,  
The greatest gift that heav'n can dispense ;  
I by thy aid can ev'ry ill despise,  
While I'm possess'd of such a godlike prize ;  
I smile at fortune, and I brave at fate,  
Fearless of her, of calumny, or hate.  
Hail, spotless friendship ! thou relief from care,  
That gives true joy, and banishes despair :  
By thee sustain'd the ills of life we brave,  
And fearless venture o'er life's stormy wave ;  
Whose storms can never long depress that heart,  
Which unto friendship may its griefs impart :

Whose

Whose gen'rous offices dispel all fears,  
 Renew our joys and wipe away our tears :  
 Such thou, my dear my ever honor'd friend !  
 Who deigns my happiness e'er to attend ;  
 Thou, who reliev'd the troubles of my mind,  
 And banish'd all my sorrows to the wind ;  
 To thee my song I'll ever dedicate,  
 Whose soul's possess'd of all that's good and great ;  
 For blessings on thee, heav'n I'll implore,  
 And while I live, thy name I'll e'er adore,  
 Thy worth by me embalm'd shall ever live,  
 Long as mankind shall on this earth survive,

IMPROMPTU,

TO A GENTLEMAN.

**I**F heav'n for me hath any blifs design'd,  
 May I that joy in lasting friendship find ;  
 Grant me, ye gods ! to find a faithful heart,  
 To which my grief, or joy, I may impart ;  
 And may that heart be so much like my own,  
 That 'twixt the two no difference may be known.



TO MISS OUNSHAM ON HER SENDING ME THE FOLLOWING VERSES.

DESCEND ye muses, and assist my lays,  
 O teach me how to sing dear Nancy's praise;  
 In softest rapture I'd extol her fame,  
 Then hear my pray'rs and aid the darling theme,  
 The charm, the sapient maid can give,  
 In Williams, see the sacred blessing live;  
 Daughter of wisdom, lovely charming maid,  
 Beauties like thine, with time can never fade,  
 And when the fleeting joys of life are o'er,  
 O safely waft her to the peaceful shore!  
 While ev'ry muse with tears bedew thy shrine,  
 May angels sing eternity is thine!

DEAR lovely fair, I cannot well impart,  
 To thee the grateful feelings of my heart,  
 For thy good wishes, but shall e'er revere  
 Thy gen'rous soul, and ever hold thee dear:  
 A heart like thine, from pride and envy free,  
 Is fatal truth almost a rarity;  
 A rara avis, that is seldom known,  
 And dwells but in the noble mind alone:  
 Oh! may'st thou e'er truth's flow'ry paths pursue,  
 And may'st thou e'er keep honor in thy view;

May

May virtue ever be thy guard and guide,  
And over every thought and act preside;  
As time wheels round, and, as thy years increase,  
May each be mark'd with smiling happiness;  
May care and grief be strangers to thy soul,  
May malice ne'er thy peace of mind controul.  
Most charming nymph! lo, here I prophecy,  
Thou'lt raise a lasting name that ne'er can die;  
For when it pleases Jove, thou art no more,  
And landed safely on the elysian shore;  
While time shall last, pride of thy sex! thy name  
Shall find a place within the lists of fame.  
Farewell, dear miss, 'tis time to make an end,  
I proud am to subscribe myself your friend.

## PRUDENCE.

**I**F thou in life would'st be supremely blest,  
With prudence act, and leave to heav'n the rest;  
So shall thy life in rapture pass away,  
With chearful mind and heart serenely gay.

## ON READING THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

**M**Y friend, a pattern for each female see!  
Let soft Euphrasia your example be;  
If on her gen'rous plan you form your mind,  
You'll never fail to captivate mankind.

First,



First, filial virtue should your heart command,  
 Love and respect to him you give your hand,  
 To him shew all the softness of your sex,  
 Study to please, but never to perplex ;  
 So shall you live by all good men rever'd,  
 And only by the wicked shall be fear'd.

## ON READING THE WEST INDIAN.

**S**ATYR and comedy combine to shew  
 Our greatest merits and our foibles too ;  
 Let each with candor read, and here they'll find,  
 A just and honest portrait of mankind ;  
 The noble soul is justly to you shewn,  
 And villains drawn in colours all their own.

## IMPROMPTU,

## ON THE DEATH OF J. CALCRAFT, ESQ.

**S**TOP sacred shade, and be assur'd of this,  
 E'er thou arrivest at the realms of bliss ;  
 Oh ! let thy friendly soul a moment stay,  
 And deign to hear what I have got to say :  
 My second father ! dearest, faithful friend !  
 Thy name I'll honor 'till my life's sad end :  
 It I'll engrave within my grateful heart, |  
 Nor shall it from my memory depart ;

What

What tho' the sculptor, when thou'rt laid in dust,  
Shall o'er thy manes fix the well carved bust :  
A nobler monument to thee I'll raise,  
And all the world shall echo forth thy praise :  
The spotless friendship which thou'st shewn to me,  
By me shall ever celebrated be.  
Lo ! here, behold my tears unfeigned flow,  
'Tis all that I on thee can now bestow ;  
Still while I live for thee each day I'll mourn,  
With heart-felt tears will I bedew thy urn.  
Farewell, dear friend, mayst thou in heav'n enjoy  
Untainted happiness without alloy :  
May guardian angels o'er thee requiems sing,  
And introduce thee to their heav'nly king.

## THE REAPERS, AN IMITATION.

MILO.

**A**RT thou diseas'd, or art thou idle grown,  
That thus thy arms thou fold'st, and walk'st  
alone ?

Just like a sheep that's wounded with a thorn,  
Thou loit'rest still behind, and seem'st forlorn.  
What wilt thou do when sol shoots forth his ray,  
If thus thou droop'st beneath the new-born day ?  
Sure thou wilt faint beneath the mid-day heat,  
Since now so slow thou mov'st thy tardy feet.

BATTUS.

Sure thou art form'd of adamant or rock,  
Or thou an absent friend woud'st never mock.

Z

MILO.



MILO.

None but such fools as thou mind absent friends,  
Thy bus'ness here will answer more thy ends.

BATTUS.

Did love ne'er yet to weakness thee betray,  
Disturb thy dreams, and chase thy sleep away?

MILO.

Oh! heav'n keep me from that cruel fate;  
Reapers, beware, and shun the flatt'ring bait.

BATTUS.

Nine tedious days this passion has possess'd,  
With Cupid's raging flames, my tortur'd breast;  
My senses are confus'd, I burn, I die,  
And all my bus'ness does neglected lie:  
I cannot reap, my flocks neglected lies,  
For I am slain by her bewitching eyes.  
At Hippocooni's feast she did appear,  
She pip'd, and piping charm'd each eye and ear.

MILO.

The gods for some old sin this evil sent,  
The devil now plagues thee for a life mispent,

BATTUS.

Do not insult; of Cupid's darts beware,  
I hope to live to see thee in the snare.

MILO.

As you're a poet, now begin the lay,  
'Twill make work light, and shorten much the day,

BATTUS.

For once, O muse, assist the poet's songs,  
For unto thee all harmony belongs.

Dearest

Dearest Bombyce, cease to frown on me,  
They call thee brown, I swear thou'rt fair to me;  
Yet do not blush, the violet is black,  
And hyacinths are letter'd on the back;  
Yet both for garlands fit, and both are sweet;  
Wolves eat young kids, young kids the green leaves  
eat.

So sweet Bombyce, Battus follows thee;  
Oh! charming maid, bestow one smile on me:  
Hard is my lot to be thus poor and low,  
Had I but Crefus' wealth, I wou'd bestow  
It all on thee, my lovely shepherdess,  
If thou with one soft smile wou'dst Battus bless:  
Thy statue shou'd in yonder temple stand  
In solid gold, wrought by the artist's hand;  
Thou playing on thy pipe, while humble me,  
In dancing posture, wou'd be plac'd by thee.  
Despise me not, my dearest, 'cause I'm poor,  
For were I rich, I shou'd alike adore:  
For thee, dear maid, my heart is fill'd with care,  
If thou'rt not kind, thy Battus must despair.

MILO.

Oh! silly lover, wretched simple bard,  
There's no one sure such verses can regard:  
Therefore, my friend, I pray those dull lines keep,  
They'll lull thy mother when inclin'd to sleep.  
But see, the sun is hast'ning to the west,  
We'll first to sport, and then go home to rest.



IMPROMPTU,

ON READING THAT A GENTLEMAN PROPOSED THE  
FOLLOWING LINE FROM CATO FOR AN EPITAPH:  
ON GENERAL WOLFE.

*How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!*

**D**EATH earn'd by virtue's beautiful indeed!  
For her and honor does the hero bleed;  
In search of them each danger he explores,  
O'er seas, rocks, mountains, and in hostile shores:  
Pursuing them no dangers can he fear,  
He ventures all for them he holds most dear:  
'Tis they alone that leads to victory;  
Or shou'd the hero fall most gloriously,  
'Tis they alone secures him lasting fame,  
And while time lives, an everlasting name:  
More than their progeny can e'er ensure;  
For they may end, but time shall e'er endure.  
Therefore, I hope the world will own for true,  
That Wolfe deserves an epitaph that's new.  
Do thou, Apollo, every muse inspire,  
Do thou instruct them how to tune the lyre:  
Thy sacred energy to them impart,  
To sing his worth without the help of art.  
Oh! let his deeds be sung in heav'nly strains,  
For mortal bards wou'd but disgrace his manes:  
If e'er lö peans were prefer'd to thee,  
For once, oh! hear this ardent pray'r from me:

O let the sacred nine with thee conjoin'd,  
Write something on him to amaze mankind ;  
Yet nothing more than to his merit's due,  
But worthy of himself and worthy you.

AN HUMBLE PLAN FOR AN EPITAPH ON GENERAL  
WOLFE.

**B**EHOLD the tribute paid to virtue's meed,  
They're honour'd thus, who for their country  
bleed ;

A grateful nation consecrates this shrine,  
To render Wolfe's courageous name divine,  
Whom death nor danger never could appal,  
Nor venal views his gen'rous soul enthal :  
Let Rome, Greece, Sparta, of their heroes sing,  
Let every climate their examples bring,  
Of their commanders either old or new,  
Who empires, states, and kingdoms did subdue.  
In Wolfe behold them ev'ry one conjoin'd,  
He rose a perfect model for mankind ;  
Placid his temper, harmless as the dove,  
To all who did his king and country love ;  
But terrible in arms he did appear,  
And fill'd each haughty foe with dread and fear :  
Proud Gallia to her cost shall ever tell,  
What numbers at Quebec before him fell ;  
What, tho' his blood bedew'd the sanguine plain,  
His deeds immortal ever shall remain !

With



With time his name shall be transmitted down,  
 Eternal glory shall his mem'ry crown.  
 Oh! Britons when you shall this sculpture see,  
 Drop not a tear to his lov'd memory!  
 For tears enervate, but let it inspire  
 And fill your souls with emulative fire:  
 Thro' honor's paths his footsteps still to trace,  
 Then you Britannia never can disgrace;  
 Like him pursue her still most ardently,  
 And should you in the glorious conflict die,  
 It is but death, yet death with honor gain'd,  
 And heav'n by you the sooner is attain'd:  
 As death, we know, must be the fate of all,  
 No matter if this hour or next we fall:  
 Then, since 'tis so, most arduously pursue  
 Heroic deeds, with honor still in view,  
 Then if you fall, 'tis Phenix-like to rise  
 In spicy odours to your native skies:  
 While here, undying honor shall attend  
 Your warlike names, till this great globe shall end.

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING AN EPITAPH OFFERED TO THE SOCIETY  
 AT ALMACK'S FOR GENERAL WOLFE.

**T**HE muse replies, no cause there is to mourn,  
 Or with one tear bedew the hero's urn,  
 For while time lives his fame shall e'er survive,  
 And, tho' in dust, in name shall ever live.

In England's sons shall emulation raise,  
Whose deeds immortal shall resound his praise :  
More genuine praise than we can e'er bestow,  
Tho' all the nine combin'd his worth to shew.  
One action that from emulation springs  
Exceeds all praise of muses, states, and kings ;  
'Tis this that must our heroes deify,  
'Tis this secures them immortality.  
The bust may moulder, sculpture fade away,  
But virtuous actions never can decay ;  
While native valour glows in Briton's veins,  
So long shall honor'd be great Wolfe's remains ;  
Therefore no muse should o'er the hero weep,  
Who underneath in peace doth sweetly sleep,  
'Till the last trump shall summon him on high,  
O'er sin and death to gain the victory ;  
Then mourn not muse, but praises to him sing,  
Who dying serv'd his country and his king.

TO MY DEAR DISINTERESTED FRIEND,  
ANTHONY TODD, ESQ

COME, faithful muse, from earth to heav'n descend,

While I attempt to praise my faithful friend ;  
Inspire my soul with energetic fire,  
And dictate to me, while I tune the lyre :  
To Todd I fain would consecrate the song,  
For heav'n-born friendship does to him belong ;

Friendship



Friendship disint'rested and nobly great,  
Which cheers my heart amidst the storms of fate;  
Oh! how shall I my sentiments impart,  
Or paint the dictates of my grateful heart?  
It cannot be! all I can do's to pray  
For his felicity both night and day;  
Oh! may each joy Jehovah can bestow,  
May ev'ry bliss that mortals here can know,  
Ever attend him, and each smiling hour  
Add to his health, his merit and his pow'r;  
May no black hour arise to dash his joy,  
But each bring happiness without alloy;  
And when it is the great command of Jove,  
That he from hence to heav'n must remove;  
Let death not rashly strike the pointed dart,  
But may he in tranquility depart;  
May he not feel his pow'r, but sweetly sleep,  
While o'er his manes each grateful heart shall weep;  
While he above a sure reward shall prove,  
And share with seraphs friendship and true love.  
Yes, heav'n, my friend, shall sure reward on high,  
With bliss and joy to all eternity.  
The stars shall fade, the sun and moon decay,  
And this great globe shall moulder all away;  
But heav'n-born friendship ever shall survive,  
And unto all immensity shall live;  
Yes, those who do the orphan's cause defend,  
Shall in Omnipotence e'er find a friend!

## EPITAPH FOR GENERAL WOLFE.

**R**EADER, behold, within this silent urn  
Great Wolfe's remains, yet pray, forbear to  
mourn.

Youth spent with virtue is mature old age;  
And fills with wond'rous deeds th' historic page:  
For acts like his, when they're in story told,  
Tho' short your date, you will appear as old:  
A youth well spent deserves due honor, more  
Than those who are arrived at fourscore;  
Who live inactive, nor their country serve;  
From British hearts can never praise deserve.  
In Wolfe, youth's fire and sense of age were join'd;  
Heroic valor fill'd his godlike mind.  
Then scorn to grieve, but like him draw the sword,  
Whene'er your gracious sov'reign gives the word;  
Whene'er your country's liberty's at stake,  
Like him for honor all your friends forsake;  
Like him with ardor meet th' imperious foe,  
And like him teach your enemy to know,  
That Britons to the foe their breast's will bare,  
And for their king and country nobly dare:  
For by all nations it was e'er confes'd,  
That genuine courage fills the English breast:  
Then shed not tears, but lo peans sing,  
Revere the hero, and fresh laurels bring:  
Each day with them bedeck his much-lov'd grave,  
Who fought 'gainst them his country wou'd enslave.

A a

For



For know, tho' here in dust his body lies,  
 His soul is mounted to his native skies ;  
 And tho' he yielded unto heav'n his breath,  
 He rose victorious o'er them e'en in death :  
 And while this globe is fill'd with his renown,  
 Above he wears an everlasting crown  
 Of glory, and with angels doth he share  
 Of joys ineffable, beyond compare.

## IMPROMPTU,

## ON READING AN ESSAY ON EDUCATION.

**Y**ES, women if they dar'd, wou'd nobly soar,  
 And ev'ry art and science wou'd explore :  
 Tho' weak their sex, their notions are refin'd,  
 And e'er wou'd prove a blessing to mankind :  
 If they our free-born minds wou'd not enslave,  
 No other boon of heav'n they need to crave ;  
 But while our minds in fetters are enchain'd,  
 Rely on it, your hearts will e'er be pain'd :  
 While dissipation fondly we pursue,  
 Believe, we small regard can have for you :  
 Be it your tasks our intellects to aid,  
 And you with tenfold int'rest will be paid ;  
 Improve our morals, us to honor guide,  
 And teach us vice from virtue to divide :  
 And far as our weak geniusses can go,  
 Let us each useful theme of learning know.

'Tis

'Tis then, and then alone you'll fully prove,  
 There is no blessing like conjugal love.  
 Thus form'd, the humble friend you'll find for life,  
 The faithful comforter, and loving wife.  
 Shou'd sickness come, she will attend thee still,  
 And ever be obedient to thy will;  
 Shou'd cares attend, as who from cares are free?  
 A faithful counsellor she'll prove to thee:  
 Tho' ev'ry friend thy sufferings shou'd desert,  
 In her thou'lt find a true and constant heart;  
 Who all thy woes will chearfully partake,  
 And suffer all for thy beloved sake.  
 Be gen'rous then, and us to knowledge lead,  
 And happiness to you will sure succeed:  
 Then sacred Hymen shall in triumph reign,  
 And all be proud to wear his pleasing chain.

QUEEN ANNE BOLEYN'S LAST LETTER TO KING  
 HENRY VIII. ATTEMPTED IN VERSE.

**T**O thee, dear Henry, doth thy loving wife  
 Send this epistle to implore for life;  
 And prays your majesty an ear wou'd lend  
 Unto those woes which her poor heart doth rend.  
 Just heav'n can witness I am innocent,  
 What is the cause of my imprisonment:  
 Nor know I whence your sad displeasure flows,  
 Which robs me of all comfort and repose:



Whereas you send unto your loyal wife  
Her enemy, who thirsteth for her life ;  
Desiring that I wou'd the truth confess,  
And own my crimes, and you will grant redress.  
By this, my liege, 'tis easy to perceive,  
That my hard fate no mortal can retrieve :  
The fatal message I soon understood,  
That nothing cou'd appease you but my blood ;  
But if confessing of a truth will do,  
My lord, I'll willingly confess to you,  
That from my duty I have never swerv'd,  
Nor this hard usage from your hands deserv'd.  
Do not imagine that I'll e'er comply  
My life to save, to tell my lord a lie ;  
No : I will sooner brave my fate and die.  
You'd have your duteous wife confess a fault,  
Which she did ne'er commit, not ev'n in thought :  
Therefore, if I the truth to you must tell,  
No prince e'er had a wife that lov'd so well :  
All duty and affection unto you I owe,  
And love you more than all things here below.  
In Anne Boleyn, you, my lord, have found  
A duteous wife, e'er since you had me crown'd,  
I in my station cou'd have been content,  
Then these unhappy hours I ne'er had spent.  
If heav'n and you, my lord, had so thought fit,  
With ease and happiness I'd liv'd in it :  
My God can witness, since I've been your queen,  
This fatal change I ever have foreseen :

Because

Because the terms, on which your royal grace  
Did honor me with that exalted place,  
Were wrought by fancy, therefore could I see,  
In time 'twou'd prove the very same to me ;  
That on the sight of any one more fair,  
Your grace shou'd like, you'd leave me to despair ;  
But as you've chosen me from low estate  
To be your queen, and made me truly great,  
And gave me all things, more than my desert,  
Yet, Henry, as thou hadst my virgin heart !  
Some pity thou at least to me may'st give,  
And, as thou lov'dst me once, O ! bid me live !  
Let not the counsel of mine enemies,  
Who fill thy kingly ears with tales and lies,  
So far withdraw from me thy royal love,  
That their vile arts may my destruction prove ;  
Let not the crimes which to my charge they lay,  
Prove a pretext to take my life away :  
For heav'n's sake compassion on me take !  
Oh ! spare me, for my much lov'd infant's sake ;  
For, if I die with this infamous blot,  
Then bastardy will be her fatal lot :  
Try me, my liege, and if I guilty am,  
Consign me o'er to death and lasting shame ;  
If so, I'll willingly resign my breath,  
And patiently submit myself to death ;  
Let not mine enemies to judge me come,  
For if they should, I can foresee my doom ;  
For tho' I'm innocent, my life they'll have,  
If you your wife will not protect and save ;

But



But if a lawful trial I receive,  
 I make no doubt but clearly I can give,  
 Such proofs of innocence as will me clear,  
 And make thy loyal wife more bright appear ;  
 Or else my guilt will publicly be shewn,  
 And all my follies to the world made known ;  
 Whate'er your grace may then intend to do,  
 Free from all slander, you may safe pursue ;  
 From open censure you will then be freed,  
 If by the laws my sentence is decreed,  
 Your grace will then be set at liberty  
 To choose another wife instead of me ;  
 Where your affections are already plac'd,  
 Oh ! there's the fatal rock by which I am disgrac'd ;  
 Some time ago the fair I could have nam'd,  
 For whom I'm now abandon'd and defam'd ;  
 But if my death already is decreed,  
 If for your fatal passion I must bleed,  
 I humbly pray to God, he will forgive  
 This horrid sin, and grant that you may live,  
 Until your crimes sincerely you repent,  
 And may your hard'ned heart at last relent.  
 Likewise mine enemies, who have abus'd  
 Thy royal ears, and foully me misus'd,  
 I beg of God they too may be forgiv'n ;  
 For which I ardently will pray to heav'n.  
 When at the judgment seat I shall appear,  
 And with confusion thou shalt meet me there,  
 May all thy sins be then forgiven thee,  
 And the hard usage thou hast shewn to me,  
 And may'st thou live to all eternity !

}  
There,

There, notwithstanding all this worldly spite,  
I shall appear immaculately white,  
And spotless as celestial angels are ;  
Then, who can guess thy horror and despair ?  
The last request of you, my lord, I crave,  
Is that your heart wou'd some compassion have  
On those unhappy persons, which I hear  
Are for me punish'd, and imprison'd are,  
But humbly beg my fate they may not share ;  
They're innocent, as heav'n my witness is,  
Or may I be deny'd a state of bliss.  
My dearest lord, if Anna Boleyn's name  
Was pleasing to your royal ears, or came  
With thrilling transports to your princely heart,  
Grant my request, e'er I this life depart ;  
And so, my lord, to trouble you I'll cease,  
Wishing you health, tranquility, and peace.  
Adieu, my lord, my life, my dearest love !  
May heav'n propitious to you ever prove !  
I pray unto the Holy Trinity,  
That thou may'st ever blest and happy be ;  
That guardian angels may thee keep,  
And guard thy person, waking or asleep ;  
With pray'rs for thy dear life, I still remain  
Your loving wife, till death shall end my pain :  
This from my doleful prison have I penn'd,  
Within the Tow'r where my sad life must end ;  
From whence from earth I shall to heav'n fly,  
And share of bliss to all eternity,  
With joy this earthly diadem lay down,  
As well assur'd of an immortal crown.



## A DIVINE ODE.

## I.

**W**HEN all thy goodness, gracious lord!  
My grateful soul surveys;  
My spirits fly with one accord,  
To echo forth thy praise.

## II.

When I was toss'd on boist'rous seas  
Of trouble and despair,  
My troubled heart thou soon did'st ease,  
And bade me not despair.

## III.

I pray'd thou'dst raise me up a friend  
To ease my tortur'd breast;  
Thou soon didst thy assistance lend,  
And granted my request.

## IV.

For which I'll hallelujahs sing  
Unto thy heav'nly name;  
And e'er, my glorious lord and king!  
Will celebrate thy fame.

## V.

To thee, my God! while I survive,  
My daily pray'rs I'll send;  
While on this earthly globe I live,  
Until my life shall end.

## VI.

## VI.

My constant praise shall be to thee,  
 Thy name I'll e'er adore,  
 And worship thee continually,  
 Till time shall be no more.

A FAREWELL LETTER FROM A LADY THAT WAS GIVEN  
 OVER BY HER PHYSICIANS, TO HER HUSBAND, WHO  
 WAS A COLONEL ABROAD.—IMITATED FROM THE  
 SPECTATOR.

**E'**ER this can reach the man whom I adore,  
 Thou best of husbands, I shall be no more :  
 The tender names of husband and of love,  
 Alas ! to me of no concern will prove :  
 That dire distemper, which you went away  
 And left me in, your country to obey,  
 Still day by day upon me doth increase,  
 And I a stranger am to rest or ease :  
 All my physicians now confess, and own,  
 That my disease incurable is grown :  
 They tell me I much longer can't survive,  
 That 'tis impossible for me to live  
 O'er one short week, my love ; and therefore I,  
 Altho' my spirits fail, can't easy die,  
 Unless a last adieu to thee I send,  
 Thou matchless husband, and thou peerless friend.  
 The ardent love, my dear, I have for you,  
 Buys up my heart to write this last adieu :



The agonies of death I little dread,  
By death from racking pains shall I be freed :  
Believe my vows, I solemnly declare,  
I smile at that, to part with thee, my care.  
When I'm no more, let this thy comfort be,  
Thy wife from vicious crimes was wholly free :  
Therefore no guilt hangs heavy on my soul,  
Nor nothing can my flight to heav'n controul.  
These my last hours most happily I spend  
In pleasing thoughts, that nought our loves cou'd end :  
Sweetly rememb'ring in our youthful prime,  
How happily we us'd to spend our time :  
No anxious jars or quarrels hurt our ease,  
For all was harmony, and love, and peace.  
When one was griev'd, the other bore a part,  
For both of us had but one soul and heart.  
Therefore I grieve I am compell'd away,  
That with my love no longer I may stay :  
No more the name of friend and husband boast,  
But in oblivion be for ever lost ;  
And hope there's nothing criminal in this,  
Grieving to leave a state of so much bliss ;  
A state that instituted was by heav'n,  
The greatest blessing to mankind was giv'n :  
As we have liv'd up to its sacred laws,  
And never giv'n each other the least cause  
E'er to repent the lasting knot we ty'd,  
And nought but death cou'd our firm love divide.  
I hope, my dear, if grief for leaving thee,  
If 'tis a crime, will be forgiv'n me.

As

As we no more of the next life do know,  
But that the just to happiness doth go;  
And that the sinful ones, whene'er they die,  
Are doom'd in everlasting flames to lie;  
Why may not I, to alleviate my grief,  
And give my tortur'd breast some small relief?  
Please my poor languid heart, to think I may  
Be near thee still to guard thee day by day;  
All thy transactions in this life to know,  
And tho' unseen, protect thee whilst below?  
May not I hope, than when thou troubled art,  
Comfort to thee, my love, I may impart?  
Here give me leave, my dearest, to express,  
My husband dear, the real happiness  
I feel to think, if I that task cou'd gain,  
Thee to relieve from grief and racking pain;  
Or that I might thy guardian angel be,  
And from all kind of danger set thee free;  
That I thy eye-lids with soft sleep may close,  
Convey thee pleasing dreams, and sweet repose;  
If dreadful fevers thy dear frame shou'd seize,  
I might be present all thy pains to ease:  
When thou'rt in battle still to hover round,  
And keep thee from the enemy's fell wound;  
Thy better genius ever to remain,  
Incapable of fleshly wound or pain:  
In ev'ry place upon thee to await,  
And shield thee from the hand of wayward fate,  
Where I have wish'd when woman, much to go  
To share thy pleasures, and partake thy woe.



These are the thoughts with which, my husband dear,  
 I warm my death-struck heart while I am here ;  
 But who my agonies of mind can tell ?  
 Or who the conflict of my soul reveal ?  
 Whene'er I think what pains will rack thy breast,  
 When thou'rt inform'd of my eternal rest :  
 But I'll no longer on the subject dwell,  
 Because I know thou lovest me so well :  
 If I advise, 'twill but augment thy grief,  
 The more I offer comfort or relief ;  
 My latest breath I'll dedicate to you :  
 Farewell, my dearest love, my life adieu !  
 For I thy lovely face no more shall see,  
 But my last orisons shall be for thee ;  
 That heav'n to thee may e'er propitious prove,  
 Keep, and defend, and guard, my faithful love !  
 My love for thee I have not words to tell,  
 Adieu ! once more thou best of men farewell !

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY OF QUALITY, WHO WAS  
 NOT MORE CONSPICUOUS FOR HER TITLES, THAN  
 HER VIRTUES.

**W**HAT means my heart, why dost thou flutter so ?  
 Ah ! what means all this agonising woe ?  
 Why art thou so with poignant grief weigh'd down ?  
 Tell me, my heart, the truth to me pray own :  
 Why dost thou ask me such sad news to tell,  
 The worst of woes that ever yet befel ?

Illustrious

Illustrious Carolina is no more,  
Whose loss unfeign'd I ever must deplore ;  
She cheer'd distress, she dry'd the weeping eye,  
And from the indigent made sorrow fly ;  
Where'er she went, joys did her still attend,  
Where'er she went the pauper found a friend ;  
In her each social virtue stood confest,  
With truth and honor inmates in her breast :  
But ah ! alas, too cruel, cruel fate ;  
Has ta'en her from us and her loving mate ;  
By death snatch'd from us in the prime of life,  
The tend'rest mother and the truest wife,  
Matchless was she, possess'd of ev'ry grace,  
Her soul was spotless as her heav'nly face.  
Oh ! never talk to me of joy again,  
All comfort now to me will prove in vain :  
Soft, soft, my heart, and lay thy sorrow by !  
Attend that glorious vision in the sky ;  
Mark how with kindred angels on each side,  
Array'd in white, just like a blooming bride,  
Fair Carolina seeks the blest abodes,  
With angels, seraphs, and with demi-gods ;  
A golden diadem her head surrounds,  
While all the holy host of heav'n resounds ;  
Hail Carolina, view thy Maker's face ;  
Ten thousand welcomes to this glorious place !  
Dear Carolina, enter this blest door,  
Then cares nor sickness shall approach thee more :  
Here taste the blessings of a life well spent,  
Partake immortal pleasure and content ;

Behold



Behold she kneels before the heav'nly king,  
 While saints and angels hallelujahs sing;  
 Ah me, I sicken at the glorious sight!  
 My spirits fail, mine eyes deny their light;  
 Refulgent glories so do round her shine,  
 That hide her from those sinful eyes of mine.  
 Farewel blest saint, be thou for ever blest!  
 And in thy Maker's presence sweetly rest;  
 At the right hand of God enthron'd on high,  
 In rapturous bliss to all eternity,

IMPROMPTU,

ON READING MRS. ROWE'S POEMS.

**B**EHOLD a pattern here for womankind!  
 By nature deck'd with an exalted mind;  
 Who wrote from her, not by pedantic rules  
 Of musty morals, taught in rigid schools:  
 The goddess dwelt in Rowe's fair breast alone,  
 And there triumphantly affix'd her throne;  
 'Twas there she all her heav'n-born pow'r display'd,  
 While every gentle muse afforded aid;  
 By them inspir'd she nobly dar'd to soar,  
 Creation, heav'n, and earth she did explore:  
 By them assisted did her genius rise,  
 To paint the beauties of the ambient skies:  
 How great her thoughts when she her song doth raise,  
 In lofty numbers to her Maker's praise?  
 No heart so hard, but must its influence feel,  
 Unless 'tis made of adamant or steel;

Language

Language like mine cannot its force impart,  
Nor tell my sensibility of heart ;  
Therefore unequal I the task resign,  
'Twas her's to teach, to imitate be mine?  
But thoughts are vain, and eloquence proves faint,  
Such noble energy as her's to paint.  
Turn we from this to friendship and to love,  
There she the heav'nly mind doth fully prove ;  
Friendship sincere possesseth her candid breast,  
And virtuous love there fully shone confest ;  
No boist'rous passions ruffled her calm soul,  
Nor envy could her gen'rous thoughts control ;  
Seraph divine, if thou canst now look down  
On mortals, hear my pray'r, my wishes crown !  
Let me thy second be consign'd to fame,  
I ask no more t'immortalize my name.

F I N I S.



## E R R A T A.

- Page 2. l. 9. *for Gebus, read Getus.*  
 —. l. 10. *for me wand'ring, read meandring.*  
 23. l. 19. *for leaves, read braves.*  
 25. l. 15. *for voice, read vice.*  
 38. l. 27. *for rag, read ray.*  
 50. l. 7. *for divine has, read divine is.*  
 70. l. 21. *for all airy joy, read all his airy joy.*  
 —. l. 22. *for all joys destroy, read all his joys destroy.*  
 77. l. 15. *for Then hail, read Hail him.*  
 80. l. 4. *for truth, read youth.*  
 139. l. 21. *for skies, read sky.*  
 142. l. 13. *for Oh! ever make it, read Oh! make it e'er.*  
 144. l. 15. *for Nor never did in cruel, read Nor ever did  
 my cruel.*  
 161. l. 20. *for nation, read matron.*



